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THE PURCHASE of the historic New York *Evening Post* by J. David Stern came just in the nick of time to preserve the oldest daily newspaper in the metropolis. Otherwise it was to have been purchased and scrapped by its immediate rivals. Mr. Stern thus adds to his two dailies in Camden, New Jersey, and his Philadelphia *Record* what was once the most distinguished daily in the United States. We rejoice that this newspaper, of which *The Nation* was a part from 1881 to 1918, has again come into liberal hands after the dark and degrading days of the Cyrus H. K. Curtis ownership. Although we regret his championship of currency inflation, Mr. Stern is a genuine liberal—and a staunch supporter of the New Deal. If we mistake not, his Philadelphia *Record* has been one of the few dailies, if not the only one, to increase its business during the depression. More than that, to its superb fight against the Vare machine may be attributed in considerable degree the defeat of that organization, something that few observers had thought remotely possible. His success in Philadelphia has been all the more remarkable because of the bitter war upon him by all his contemporaries. He has his work cut out for him to make the *Evening Post* pay, but we have full faith that he will succeed if anyone can. No one in our press has fought better for social justice and true American ideals.

SOME MONTHS AGO it was announced that President Roosevelt had set up an Executive Council to guide the various sections of the national-recovery machine and more especially to coordinate their diverse and often conflicting activities. The council was composed of virtually all the Cabinet members and administrators in Washington. Frank C. Walker, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, was appointed secretary of this new agency. Since the announcement little has been heard of the Executive Council, and if coordination of the recovery program was its chief duty, it appears to have been a failure. Mr. Roosevelt has now set up another body, to be called the National Emergency Council, "for the purpose of consolidating, coordinating, and making more efficient and productive the emergency activities of the government, and for the purpose of assisting in carrying into effect the provisions of the various emergency acts." Except for the change in names, there seems to be no substantial difference between the two councils; they have practically the same membership and practically the same general duties to perform. President Roosevelt's announcement held forth the promise, however, that other functions and duties would be given the Emergency Council, so that it is possible that something more than a mere substitution of titles is involved.

THE EXECUTIVE ORDER establishing the Emergency Council also provided for the immediate abolition of the numerous volunteer agencies over the country which were charged with the task of enforcing the recovery laws. These agencies have for the most part been irresponsible bodies with no standing in law. Not only will the Roosevelt order make for more efficient administration of the recovery program, but it will place responsibility where it belongs, that is, upon the Administration in Washington and its lawfully authorized officials. Thus we shall probably no longer find local business men who violate the NRA codes sitting upon the very boards whose duty it is to enforce compliance. A second section of the order, one providing for the opening of a publicity bureau in every county in the country, has less to recommend it. There has been no real complaint as to the quantity and availability of information regarding the progress of the New Deal. On the other hand, there has been considerable complaint as to the quality of the information. As an example we need cite only the obviously inflated claims of the Public Works Administration that 3,000,000 men have been put back to work with the help of public-works money. If the President does not trust the press of the country or the 400 trained reporters in Washington, he and his associates are always free to present their facts directly over the radio. This plan to open several thousand publicity offices smacks too much of propaganda and ballyhoo to be accepted unquestioningly.


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THE Fascist Grand Council, speaking for Mussolini, is demanding that the League of Nations be reformed in the shortest possible time if Italy is to remain a member. The Grand Council would have the political welfare of Europe placed in the safekeeping of the larger Powers—Italy, England, Germany, France, and probably also Russia. It would also strip the smaller Powers of whatever influence they have in the League. As we pointed out a few weeks ago, the substitution of a block of major Powers for the League in the negotiation of a new European settlement would be tantamount to setting up England and Italy as arbiters of the Franco-German problem. Such arbitration would inevitably favor Germany as against France, for if it were to accomplish anything at all it would have to bring about a change in the status set up by the Treaty of Versailles, and any such change would be looked upon with horror by the French. Moreover, the French have wielded such wide influence in the League, and indeed have managed to use the League as the chief bulwark of their foreign policy, primarily because they have had the support of a majority of the small Powers at Geneva. Mussolini now calmly suggests that this support be taken from them. The Italian dictator is, of course, interested not in the League but in improving the international position of Italy. Under the present alignment Italy is merely another Power, and not a very influential one at that. Under the Mussolini plan it would share with England the responsibility and the glory—if any—of guiding the destinies of Europe.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Fascist dictator, the English are not very enthusiastic over his scheme. Though there is evidence that Sir John Simon toyed with the idea of a four-Power arrangement to supersede the League some months before Mussolini proposed the Four-Power Pact last spring, Sir John and Ramsay MacDonald are at the moment reluctant to press the matter. They fear that the French, who would suffer most under the Fascist scheme, might choose to fight rather than allow their Continental system to be broken up. There is no certainty that this would happen, but the risk is there and the English hesitate to take it. They have assumed the position that inasmuch as Italy cannot withdraw from the League before the end of two years in any case, there is plenty of time in which to study the Fascist proposal before arriving at a definite decision. Such caution may save the League, but it contributes nothing toward a solution of the problems that confront it. France and its satellites have not hesitated to show what they think of Mussolini's latest move. However, it is not expected that France will reject the plan out of hand, for that might precipitate a crisis, and the French are sensible enough to know that a crisis at this time, with the English statesmen still undecided which way to jump, might prove disadvantageous to the French. And meanwhile, the disarmament problem is left in the lurch while the nations jockey for position, and the world, as Frank H. Simonds has said, definitely enters upon a new "pre-war era."

THE FUKIEN REBELLION in South China is taking on more serious proportions than the Nanking Government at first anticipated. Chiang Kai-shek doubtless underrated the skill, ardor, and sincerity of such supporters of the rebellion as Eugene Chen and General Tsai Ting-kai. Chen is perhaps the only surviving leader of the great nationalist movement of 1926-27 who is still faithful to the original principles of that movement. General Tsai is the commanding officer of the Nineteenth Route Army, which won world-wide applause for its valiant stand against the Japanese at Shanghai. The Fukien rebels have apparently come to some sort of understanding with the Communists in Central China and also, which is more important, with the Cantonese. For the moment neither of these understandings takes the form of an open alliance; rather they seem to amount to tentative agreements to remain at peace until Marshal Chiang Kai-shek shall be driven out. The Cantonese of today are more conservative than they were six or seven years ago. Yet they, no less than the Fukien rebels, are strongly opposed to the militarism and reactionary policies of Marshal Chiang and his associates in the dominant wing of the Kuomintang. If Chiang elects to stand his ground, forcing the Cantonese into the arms of Fukien, we may very well witness a renascence of the nationalist uprising of 1926-27, which was guided by Madam Sun Yat-sen, Sun Fo, Eugene Chen, and Michael Borodin, the Russian adviser, as well as Marshal Chiang, who was himself at that time a radical. Backed by this movement, Chiang and his Cantonese army swept up out of the south and overthrew the war lords of the Yangtze Valley and Peking. Now that the nationalist hero has himself turned war lord, he seems likely to encounter a similar fate.

ANARCHIST UPRISINGS in Spain, following on the heels of the elections and the meeting of the new Cortes, provided an abrupt and violent counterbalance to the victory of the right at the polls. The Cortes—the first to be elected according to the provisions of the two-year-old Republican constitution—met recently and elected as its Speaker Santiago Alba, politician of the old regime, who is said to have been blind to the republic's light as late as last August. The crimson chamber where he presides holds 473 deputies, of whom 210 must be roughly classed as of the right, while the Socialist-Republican groups which held the power in the last Cortes have only half as many. But this conservative victory does not mean, as so many people seem to think, that the monarchy is coming back, or that the Roman Catholic church has reestablished the hold it had before the coming of the republic. It is true that for the moment the Catholics and the temperamentally conservative—the monarchists, the landowners who saw their property threatened, the people who would not like what Socialists did even if they were proved to be the finest governors on earth—have pulled themselves together and put blinders and a check rein on the revolution. But they have neither sapped its strength nor taken away from under its saddle blanket the burrs that made it jump. Agrarian troubles, absentee landlordism, maldistribution of wealth, church-state wranglings, illiteracy, regional separatism, were all so deeply imbedded that the best efforts of the first republican government succeeded only in picking at their surfaces. The rights must do something about them if they are to stay in power. So far they have announced no program for dealing with any of them. This absence of a program is made more dangerous by the lack of agreement within their own ranks. Some of them are Monarchists, some Independent Rights, some Agrarians, some Traditionalists. There are at least five parties in the right coalition, any of which may split off at any time. The whole confused situation

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makes excellent fuel for the left extremists, and there is more than a possibility that the rights may find themselves forced to call on the only disciplined party in the country, the Socialists, to help them out of their chaos lest the Anarchists blow up the whole place. Whether or not the Socialists will be willing to be boy scouts in such a situation is another question.

AFTER HALF A YEAR of fourth-dimensional existence under well-paid Nazi officials, the German trade unions are to be definitely dissolved. The forty-six national unions will be merged into a single vertical industrial union in which all employers of labor, their organizations having likewise been dissolved, will also hold membership. "Beyond the customary reminders in shops and factories," says the official announcement of Robert Ley, head of the National Labor Front, "no pressure will be exerted on any individual to join the union, although the attention of both workers and employers will be called to the advantages and disadvantages that may arise out of their attitude toward the National Labor Front." Simultaneously the work camps of the voluntary and conscripted labor service will be placed under the control of the Labor Front, and only those who can prove that they have rendered voluntary labor service for the commonweal will receive employment in the future. To supply a keenly felt want for more uniforms in the Dritte Reich, the members of the Labor Front will wear plain blue uniforms to work as well as for social intercourse. "In the future, German labor," so reads the announcement, "will wear the badge of respect and will proudly show the world that work in Germany is no disgrace, that it is an honor to place brawn and brain at the service of the Fatherland."

THE TIME is evidently near at hand when the estimable members of Washington's famous Gridiron Club will have to engage in deep thought about a matter of public policy. At the annual dinner held last Saturday night the President of the United States, as is customary, led the list of official guests, followed by every other ranking public official, including the members of the Cabinet—except one. This one, of course, was Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor. Secretary Perkins was not invited because she was a woman, and the rules of the club forbid the presence of women at this particular sacred gathering. There are two minor points which may be dismissed at once. First, Miss Perkins made no complaint but took her omission as a matter of course and with great good humor. Second, since she has been for a number of years an active politician, it is unlikely that the program of the Gridiron Club entertainment, hearty though it might be, would seriously offend her ears. The real issue is that although Miss Perkins is the first woman Cabinet officer, she will probably not be the last, unless the Gridiron Club elects to solve its difficulty by maintaining a lobby in Washington to keep women out of high public office. No, the problem is here to stay. Women will continue to get themselves appointed to important government posts. The last strongholds of the male are being invaded by them. The Gridiron Club might do very well to yield gracefully, invite Miss Perkins and a number of other important women next year, and save itself the embarrassment of having to change its rule when Mary Smith, or one of her sisters, shall close a long, honorable, and distinguished career in public life by being elected President of the United States.

# Another Repeal

JAMES JOYCE'S "Ulysses," for eleven years the most famous of our bootleg classics, is legal at last—at least in so far as the government of these United States is concerned. Prohibition, to be sure, did not prevent the literati from being as familiar with the book as they were with cocktails, and copies of "Ulysses" carried on the hip gave young collegians a kind of prestige comparable to that achieved by a pocket flask. Perhaps, indeed, some of them scanned its difficult pages for the same reason that they scorched their tender palates with white mule, and we should not be surprised if a certain decline in reckless Ulysses reading took place among the young. In any event, however, Random House, its only licensed publisher, did not prepare for repeal with as much foresight as the distillers did, and the public will have to wait until sometime in January for its first legal copies. When the great day comes, we hope that it will be celebrated with as much restraint as was December 5. All lovers of law and order, all upholders of true temperance, will pray that there be no orgies. Youth must show that it knows how to use its liberties, and it will be an ill augury if the streets are filled with young men and maidens drunk upon immoderate drafts of Mrs. Bloom's meditation.

Federal Judge Woolsey says that the court is bound to consider both the work as a whole and the intention of the author; and perhaps more important, that one must consider only its effect upon a person "with average sex instincts." Holding that "Ulysses" is a "sincere and honest book" not written with pornographic intent but constituting a "serious experiment" carried out with "astonishing success," he cites the legal definition of "obscene" as "tending to stir the sex impulses," and declares Joyce's work innocent in this respect. Commenting further on the contention that sex plays a disproportionately large part in the thoughts of the characters, he adds a sly sentence which should go down in the annals of judicial humor: "It must be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring."

We cannot, however, help noting that we wish it had been possible—though we know it was not—to add a paragraph something like this: "Only a legal fiction makes it necessary to pretend that the real question at issue is whether or not 'Ulysses' is likely to 'stir the sex impulses.' At least half the recognized diversions of civilized mankind are intended to do that to a greater or less extent, and society recognizes the process as not only permissible but necessary to its welfare. Only hypocrisy could insist that the law makes any pretense of interfering with such diversions, for if it did, then it would be necessary not only to proceed against almost every love story, but to raid the very dances sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association. The real question is whether or not Joyce's rare use of four Anglo-Saxon monosyllables constitutes a threat to society sufficiently great to engage the attention of the law. Since the prominence of these same four words in the epigraphy of the public-school outhouse makes them familiar to every literate person long before he is acquainted with the meaning of most of the other words in 'Ulysses,' I hold that the police and the courts have more important business to attend to."

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# "Real Wages to 4,000,000 Americans"

ON November 15 President Roosevelt made one of his friendly, heartening, and altogether winning speeches before the Civil Works Conference in Washington. In it he announced the government's plans for the new Civil Works Administration and the employment of 4,000,000 persons, half of whom were at that time on what the President frankly called a dole. Mr. Roosevelt ended his speech with the following sentence: "I am very confident that the mere fact of giving real wages to 4,000,000 Americans who today are not getting wages is going to do more to relieve suffering and to lift the morale of the nation than anything undertaken before." The details of the Civil Works Administration plan had already been given to the country by Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator. The first point of that program, like President Roosevelt's last sentence, is well worth repeating: "The 2,000,000 men to be employed on November 16 will automatically become wage-earning, independent workers, no longer dependent on charity."

Now that the Civil Works Administration has been in operation for about a month, it is worth while, considering the definite promises made for it, to record what has actually been done. The program was to be financed by $400,000,000 appropriated from the balance of the Public Works Administration funds, and $200,000,000 contributed by Federal Emergency Relief funds; in some cases funds were to be contributed by State and local organizations, and to that extent Federal Emergency Relief funds would not be called on. The total spent is, therefore, to be $600,000,000. Rates of wages were announced by Mr. Hopkins as follows: for unskilled labor, a minimum of from forty to fifty cents an hour, depending upon the locality; for skilled labor a minimum of from $1 to $1.20 an hour, depending on the locality, the lowest wages to be paid in the South, the highest in the North. Those employed were to work a thirty-hour week. And perhaps the most cheerful part of the plan, certainly to the 2,000,000 persons already on relief allotments or relief "work," who were to be the first half of the 4,000,000 employed, was that removing them from "relief" status, which meant from the necessity of being investigated.

This, then, was the plan. It was obviously a good plan in so far as it removed men from a dole and put them to work at regular wages. The announced intention of the Civil Works Administration to maintain, as far as possible, the prevailing wage rate for equivalent work was encouraging; and the rates of pay for skilled labor were highly acceptable. Let us see how the program is being carried out. On December 1 Mr. Hopkins declared that up to November 25, 1,183,267 persons had been employed by the Civil Works Administration, and he promised that by the following day the full quota of 2,000,000 would have been transferred from the civil-relief lists and in a week would be eligible for their first pay check. This was not quite the 2,000,000 by November 15 promised in earlier statements, but one should not quarrel with it too much. It was fairly obvious in the beginning that November 15 was too optimistic.

What of the rate of pay? The appropriation is expected to last until February 15—although one does not quite see why. An elementary arithmetician can divide $600,000,000 by 4,000,000 persons and come out with $150 per person. It would seem, therefore, that the minimum wage for unskilled workers must be the prevailing rate of pay—fifty cents an hour for a thirty-hour week yielding a little over $60 a month. But it is obvious that only a very small percentage of the workers may expect to be classified as skilled. The ratio has been declared to be 95 per cent unskilled to 5 per cent skilled, but even that would seem to be too generous. The sum of $150 apiece for something like three months, and those the hardest winter months, does not, it would seem, quite live up to Mr. Roosevelt's description of "real wages," or to the Civil Works program of making 4,000,000 "independent workers, no longer dependent on charity." It is altogether likely that these workers will find it impossible to get "charity," but it is not so likely that the income they receive from Civil Works jobs will not need to be supplemented from some source, or that they will not suffer if it is not supplemented. Funds from local relief projects are in no case expended for the wages of persons employed by the C. W. A. But these funds are called on for the purchase of materials for C. W. A. projects. There is reason to believe that the transfer of persons formerly on local relief to the C. W. A. will not release an equivalent amount of money to be further expended for relief—admittedly inadequate before the creation of the C. W. A.—but will in many cases merely provide C. W. A. jobs to the same persons who previously were getting food tickets or rent vouchers, or were performing "made" work.

The prevailing wage, as outlined above, is roughly based on wage scales maintained under the auspices of the American Federation of Labor—wages, that is, for organized labor. Unorganized labor, including white-collar workers, inevitably suffers from not being organized. In New York City 3,500 white-collar workers—teachers, statisticians, architectural draftsmen, stenographers, newspapermen—employed formerly by the Emergency Work Relief Bureau, have not been transferred to the Civil Works Administration and classified as skilled workers, as they were at first told they would be. They are instead classified as "Civil Works Service," they are to be paid from thirty to seventy-five cents an hour, and they are still listed as "relief" workers and subject to investigation. This wholly anomalous situation has arisen because the Civil Works Administration was planned for laborers and—in the main—less skilled artisans. The administration admittedly finds itself at a loss when it comes to placing women, and it is evidently thoroughly confused about the distinction between skill and lack of it, so much confused that rather than face the problem it threw out of its jurisdiction a considerable group of men and women, obviously skilled, and refused them even the pay of ditch-diggers in the South, who receive a minimum of forty cents an hour.

It is not out of a desire to be critical of the President or of Administration attempts to provide work for the un-

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employed that these drawbacks in the Civil Works program are adduced. But it is certainly advisable that the American people should be clearly informed about these matters. It is evident that when Congress meets, more money, in enormous quantities, will have to be appropriated for the unemployed and for the temporarily employed. The Public Works program, started last spring, has been slow in getting under way, and has still a long distance to go before it provides considerable relief to the unemployed. More money for relief means more taxes. Let us face these things as we must face them. The depression is not over yet, and if, as President Roosevelt confidently foresees, "this beloved country of ours is entering upon a time of great gain," it is evident that a further period of travail must intervene before we may enjoy it.

# Roosevelt in Review

TWO tasks confront the intelligent observer and critic of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration and his New Deal. One is to take the whole program to pieces and look at it bit by bit—codes, gold policy, processing tax, labor claims, and all the rest—to discover how each part works, and point out its values and defects. This is a monumental task and one which no journal of current comment can comprehensively perform. *The Nation* has, however, tried to select certain important aspects of the government program for separate consideration. Two weeks ago we printed a description of the government housing development in the Tennessee Valley. Last week we printed a discussion of the gold policy and the prospect of inflation. In later issues we intend to publish an analysis of the oil code, perhaps the most complex of all the industrial fragments that make up the NRA, and further articles on the steel industry and the steel code, labor under the NRA, the banking crisis, and the pressing problems of relief and government credit.

Each aspect of the national effort presents a different picture. In the Tennessee Valley, for example, we see an impressive attempt to organize the economic and social life of a whole section around a great government industrial development. In the working of the oil code we see every difficulty that stands in the way of the social control of a privately owned, competitively exploited natural resource. In steel we see how the power of the government is paralyzed when it meets the strength of a great monopoly backed by even greater banking interests. In the field of labor we see a spontaneous impulse of rebellion and action, encouraged by the half-promises of the recovery act, balked by the stubborn resistance of the strongest industries and, even more perhaps, by the standpat inactivity of many labor leaders and the rigid, antiquated structure of the trade-union machinery. Put together, these fragments and a hundred others compose a jig-saw puzzle of confusion, of conflicting tendencies and inconsistent facts.

But the jig-saw method is not the only way of visualizing the national scene. The disinterested observer has a second task to perform. Every so often in his process of scrutiny he should back off and look at the show as a whole and attempt to estimate its general progress and intentions and accomplishments, to discern trends. Such an observer must today be struck with one incontrovertible fact—the honest purpose of President Roosevelt to pursue not merely prosperity but prosperity based on social control and a wider distribution of social benefits. One may disagree with the practical effects of two-thirds of his policies. One may oppose, for example, as *The Nation* has opposed, the gold-purchase program or the attempt to help the farmer by special subsidies levied at the expense of the consumer. But in the very act of criticizing these devices, one must admit that in his monetary policy Mr. Roosevelt is expressing the desires of great masses of his affiliated countrymen and resisting the pressure of the most reactionary financial interests—the interests that ruled unchecked through the persons of his three predecessors in office; while in his farm program he is animated by the single desire to put real money into the pockets of the class that for years past has had the least to spend. One may maintain, as *The Nation* maintains, that the basic industries will ultimately never accept or submit to codes which prevent the freest accumulation of profits. They will yield voluntarily to government control only so long as they feel that the alternative is collapse or continued loss. In direct proportion to their power or their prosperity, they will seek to evade the codes or dominate and use them to their advantage. To us it appears evident that only outright government ownership can result in successful social control of the natural resources and the basic industries of our country. But to believe this is not synonymous with the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt and the NRA have embarked upon a voyage into fascism. Fascism may be at the end of the way, but it is not the purpose or desire of the dominant part of the Administration forces.

Here again, of course, we find division. The Roosevelt Administration is compounded of such diverse elements that one may call it anything from fascist to socialist, depending upon the angle or the object of one's vision. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt was ill-advised—even politically—in attempting the combinations of persons and points of view that appear in almost every administrative body. Already the elements have sprung apart and caused an explosion in the Treasury Department; they are at the boiling-point in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration; and similar ferments are at work in every branch of the NRA. Politics is only partly at fault; the President has undoubtedly mingled political appointments with merit appointments to a disturbing degree. But much of the trouble has developed as the result of his disinterested effort to assemble the best specialized advice; he must have learned by this time, what he should have realized before, that experts are the hardest people on earth to amalgamate. What Mr. Roosevelt needs today is a new sort of party government—men and women appointed to office not because they are Democrats rather than Republicans, not because they are experts rather than politicians, but because they are able supporters of Mr. Roosevelt's own fundamental purposes and ideals and can advise him as to the soundest methods of carrying them out.

By the rather painful process of schism and elimination we are gradually approaching some such administrative unity. And the observer of the whole scene must again step far enough off to watch the shifting currents of men and policies. After remarking certain painful details, such as the President's recent appointment of a reactionary Wall Street man, Earle Bailie, to the Treasury staff, he should note the

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obvious tendency on the part of Mr. Roosevelt to uphold the liberal wing in the AAA and NRA against the attacks of the right, and his announced determination not to weaken the provisions of the securities act.

More than any other measure, perhaps, the securities act is a barometer registering the pressures of opinion as they sweep in from Wall Street or from the Middle and Far West. It is not important at this moment to argue the various points raised by the supporters and opponents of the act in its present form. It is more interesting to watch the response of the Administration to these pressures. Despite the uncomfortable presence of Mr. Bailie in the Treasury, we believe that the President intends to keep teeth in the act—enough teeth to worry Wall Street and give the ultimate consumer of stocks and bonds a new feeling of security.

We entertain less hope than this article may imply that the general purposes of the Roosevelt Administration will be achieved by means of the devices it has evolved. Indeed, the effort to create a new sort of socialized capitalism may well plunge the country into a fascized capitalism, more oppressive than the chaotic anarchistic capitalism out of which we are now struggling. But the job of those who wish to achieve the complete social control of industry is quite clear. They should both analyze the New Deal minutely and view it as a whole. They should acknowledge and support the leftward impulses present in the government; they should expose every serious lapse in the direction of reaction; they should work unremittingly for a strong, conscious, militant labor movement as the only ultimate counterbalance to the forces of organized capital; and they should demand at every appropriate opportunity that the government take over and administer those basic industrial and financial enterprises on which the economic foundations of the country rest.

# A Green Utopia

UTOPIA, of recent years, has taken on many colors. Mussolini has a black one, Stalin's is red, Hitler's is dark brown, and Mr. Roosevelt's might be said to rival the coat of many colors. But the most ingratiating one we have read about is that green Utopia, non-political, projected by Robert Marshall in "The People's Forests"—a book which should be a compulsory text in every American public school.

In the beginning, half of what is now the United States was covered with timber—a billion acres of forest ranging from the scrubby growth that clings to high mountain sides to magnificent trees hundreds of feet high and hundreds of years old set in beds of "duff" so deep and soft that the moccasin of an Indian made neither mark nor sound. For the most part it was uninhabited, and so was preserved by nature itself. But even those sections in which the Indians lived were almost as well taken care of. The red men knew so well the importance and the art of preserving the world that gave them sustenance that "the land in which they had been living for generations was left by them as rich and productive as when their ancient Mongoloid ancestors had first migrated to the North American continent."

So much for the ignorant savage. Three hundred years ago civilized man, bent on religious and commercial freedom, landed on the eastern shores of the United States, and the destruction of the country's forest wealth began. Mr. Marshall's account of the depredations of our venerated ancestors would not fit into a D. A. R. celebration:

> . . . in order to obtain lye, they burnt down magnificent forests which had taken centuries in their development; burnt entire mountain ranges because they were too indifferent to control the fires which they merely needed for clearing up tiny garden patches; allowed their camp fires to run wild . . . and slashed down giant trees simply to obtain bark for tanning extract, boughs for bedding, or even gum for chewing.

Because the settlers were so few and the forests so enormous, it was two centuries before the destruction became so noticeable that an outcry was raised against it. But the protest went unheard, while the lumber industry, moving from one section to another as the great trees fell, wiped out stand after stand of virgin timber whose reproduction requires from 40 to 150 years. Not until thirty years ago was the Forest Service established, and it has jurisdiction over only a comparatively small proportion of the country's remaining forests. Elsewhere devastation continues.

Almost everyone has learned by this time some of the things that happen when forests are reduced to ugly stumps and the lumber crew moves on. Erosion and floods carry off the livelihood of thousands of people who may live hundreds of miles from the bare hillsides on which only destruction grows, and their richest soil may presently be deposited in the bed of a river they have never seen.

There are social and human consequences as well. For one thing the lumber industry's policy of "cut out and get out" has imposed a migratory existence on those who work for it; overproduction, because the resources were so vast, has combined with competition to make working conditions in the lumber industry worse than in almost any other—the death-rate in logging is much higher than in most other important industries.

Mr. Marshall's solution of the problem of restoring and preserving our forests is public ownership, and his argument should convince even a laissez-fairist. The private owner must have a fairly quick return on his investment. But the average period of time necessary to raise a stand of merchantable timber is eighty years. Dividends eighty years in the future do not invite investment, and Mr. Marshall backs up this assertion by pointing out that of the 83,000,000 acres of devastated or poorly stocked forest land, 74,000,000 are privately owned. Having taken his profit, the private owner lacks a motive for reforestation.

Mr. Marshall has a comprehensive plan by which the government may acquire "at least 562,000,000 acres out of the 670,000,000 acres of potential forest land"—and in offering it he gives much credit to "A National Plan for American Forestry" prepared by that admirable government department, the Forest Service. The cost of acquiring and restoring these acres would be large, so violent has private devastation been, but he demonstrates that once restored to productivity the forests under government operation would eventually yield a handsome profit in money; provide, in addition, stable employment for thousands of people; and, finally, assure to future generations of Americans protection from erosion and floods as well as a green retreat from whatever happen to be the insoluble problems of their age.

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# Issues and Men

## The President's Great Address

ONCE more the President has turned to the radio to speak to his fellow-countrymen, and once more he has directly reached their hearts. His address to the Federal Council of Churches on December 7 was beautiful in its form, as moving as usual in its delivery, and true and fine in its content. Even as to its length it was perfect, and when one considers the success he scores every time he speaks thus, the President's self-restraint in not turning oftener to this medium is as remarkable as it is wise. It was a great speech, almost inspired, and it came precisely at the psychological moment when many of its admonitions and its spirit of confidence and hope were sorely needed. It was more than a sermon in a time of what Mr. Roosevelt called "pagan ethics"; it formulated his program, his vision for this country, more clearly than it has yet been voiced by him or by anybody else for him. As such it gives the solid hope that he is definitely committed to the making of a new and radically different America, free from those pagan practices which have spelled disaster, and is actuated solely by the purpose of creating a state, to use his own words, not devoted to the welfare of those having "special privilege and special power," but "built on spiritual and social values" for all the members of the national community.

I do not think that I am biased in these words of praise by the fact that they state exactly the program urged by *The Nation* and its editors for many years past. I admit that it is profoundly heartening to have the advocacy of these social objectives come from the man in the highest office in the land, especially when one recalls that the three Presidents before him were unable to visualize anything of the kind, and would not have been able to formulate such beliefs had they had them. President Roosevelt could not, I think, have risen to this height during any part of his term as Governor of New York. He has grown under the enormous responsibility thrust upon him. Those phrases and sentences were forged under deep emotion by a determined, unselfish, and high-minded person. No one can read them and fail to believe that the President is giving the best that is in him for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. No reformer, whatever his stripe or the extent of his radicalism, can honestly deny that the President has stated the goals for which all who seek a nobler country are striving. It remains only to be seen whether he will remain true to this vision, and how far he may be able to realize it in the face of the selfish and powerful interests which may be relied upon to block him wherever they can.

Certainly when the President declares that he is for a prosperity "socially controlled for the common good" and for "collective effort on broad lines of social planning—a collective effort which is wholly in accord with the social teachings of Christianity," he states again the ideal of liberals and Socialists, and even of those further to the left. Let him but shape the conduct of his government and the actions of Congress to these ends, and he is bound to win the support of most of those who refrained from supporting him in his candidacy for the Presidency because of doubts of his leadership, doubt of the rigidity of his backbone, and doubt even of his exact orientation. If he continues along this line he will make a third party unnecessary—provided again that he carries his own party with him. But whether he succeeds in this or not, and even if he should have a change of heart later, I want to record my profound gratitude that he has taken this stand today and thereby imparted to millions of our fellow-citizens those ideals which many of us have been abused as foolish, impractical visionaries for holding.

Especially heartening was the President's denunciation of lynching. Never was there a more timely utterance. I am sure that Walter White, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, told the truth when he telegraphed the President that "twelve million Negroes and many millions of whites applaud your every word." It was magnificent of him to speak of lynching as "that vile form of collective murder," to say that "we know that it is murder, and a deliberate and definite disobedience of the Commandment 'Thou Shalt Not Kill.'" And when he added that "we do not excuse those in high places or in low who condone lynch law," he must have caused to writhe that Governor of a great State who surely sank lower than has any previous executive of an American commonwealth by his applause of the mob that disgraced California. There spoke a true leader; there was nothing of the politician about him then. He must have kown that the words he preached would create no enthusiasm in the great stretches of this country which for more than a hundred years have declined to give up torturing, hanging, and burning American citizens to the amazement, scorn, and horror of the rest of the civilized world. This was the time to voice these humane and Christian sentiments, if only because there are still millions of Americans hovering on the border-line of starvation, because there is widespread unrest in the farm districts and urban centers. It is not the hour to encourage lawlessness in any form unless we desire to unleash forces whose mere appearance will mean the spilling of blood.

Oh yes, I know that some of you who read this will be saying that the Contributing Editor of *The Nation* has again been misled by his emotions. I have not forgotten how high my hopes were raised by the magnificent words uttered at one time by Woodrow Wilson, and by others in their order. We may all be again disappointed by the difference between the presage of Franklin Roosevelt's fine words and the actuality of his performance. He too may get us into a foreign struggle—to our domestic defeat. But what gives one hope and faith is not only the President's steady growth, but the fact that the logic of events will continue to force him along the path he has outlined—barring some disaster.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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# Lenin to Franklin D. Roosevelt

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, November 10*

MAY I, with all due respect, suggest that President Roosevelt, busy as he is, take a week's vacation from work and visitors to read Lenin? Perhaps General Johnson should go off in another direction and do likewise. For with all the difference between America today and the Russian republic which superseded the empire of Nicholas II, Lenin's advice to Kerensky in September, 1917, applies strikingly to the present situation in the United States.

"Russia," Lenin wrote, "is threatened by an inevitable catastrophe. . . . Half a year of revolution [shall we say NRA?] has passed. The catastrophe has come still closer. . . . Control, supervision, accounting—this is the first word in the fight against catastrophe and famine. This is what arouses no objection . . . And it is just this which is *not being done* out of fear of encroaching upon the omnipotence of the landlords and capitalists, upon their enormous, unheard-of, scandalous profits . . . profits which everyone knows about, everyone observes, everyone laments and bemoans."

Lenin's charge goes farther. The capitalists, he says, are sabotaging the state's efforts to control economic activity. The mine owners of southern Russia, one newspaper reported, were "deliberately neglecting and disorganizing" their industry in order to discredit the government. Under this system of sabotage, says Lenin, "the capitalists 'warmly' recognize the 'principle' of control and its necessity," but they add conditions which "cover up the *disruption* of control" and which result in the creation of "unusually complicated, bulky, and bureaucratically lifeless institutions of control entirely dependent upon the capitalists."

Control, Lenin asserts, is possible if the government really wishes it. The state has only "to fix serious, heavy penalties for capitalists who fraudulently evade control, and to appeal to the population itself to watch the capitalists." But as a means of guaranteeing effective popular and official control over the country's economic life, certain indispensable preliminary measures must be introduced. The first is the nationalization of the banks. Says Lenin: "To speak of 'regulation of economic life' while evading the question of nationalization of banks means either to exhibit utter ignorance or to deceive the 'plain people' by fine words and high-sounding promises with the premeditated intention of not fulfilling those promises." To try to control production and distribution without regulating banking operations "is an absurdity." "Modern banks have become so intimately and indissolubly connected with trade . . . and industry that without 'laying hands' on the banks, it is absolutely impossible to do anything serious."

The capitalists try to "frighten the philistines" by asserting that nationalization of banks is complicated and difficult. As a matter of fact, "nationalization of banks without taking away a single kopek from any 'owner' presents no difficulties either technical or cultural, and is being thwarted *exclusively* in the interests of filthy greed on the part of an insignificant handful of rich men." Lenin here cautions against confusing bank nationalization with confiscation of private wealth. He was advocating nationalization of banks by the bourgeois government of Russia, and believed it could be done. He was suggesting a means of making capitalist control effective. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to trace all those most complicated, most involved, and subtle methods used in drawing up the balance sheets, in organizing bogus enterprises and branch banks, in using fictitious persons, and so on and so on." Mr. Pecora will corroborate Lenin. "Only the merging of all banks into one" enables the government to control. Lenin then elaborates the simple method by which nationalization can be accomplished. "No special apparatus, no special preparatory steps on the part of the state are required here." The directors and employees of the banks will themselves carry out the decree. Insurance companies, Lenin advises, should be nationalized together with banks. This would help regulation, and "would yield a great number of conveniences and advantages to the insured." "If the state were revolutionary not only in words, that is, if it were not afraid to overcome inertia and routine, if it were democratic not only in words, that is, if it acted in the interests of the majority of the people and not of a handful of rich persons," then the whole process of nationalization would be easy indeed, Lenin predicted. President Roosevelt might begin by making the R. F. C. a government bank.

The next step, Lenin said to Kerensky, is the nationalization of very highly monopolized industrial undertakings. "Take the oil industry," Lenin suggested. "It was already 'socialized' on a gigantic scale by the preceding development of capitalism. A couple of oil kings—those are the ones who manipulate millions and hundreds of millions, clipping coupons, gathering fabulous profits from a 'business' which is *already* practically, technically, and socially organized on a national scale, which is *already* being managed by hundreds of thousands of employees, engineers, and so forth. The nationalization of the oil industry is possible *at once*. . . . Bureaucratic control will yield nothing." The petrol magnates will evade it. The employees of the oil companies must operate in behalf of the public and the stockholders. The same statement applied to the sugar industry, coal industry, and iron industry. The same could apply to other activities organized as trusts. Remove the "couple of oil kings," the couple of coal barons, let the employees actually exercise control, and then state control will be real.

But to achieve control throughout all industries, large and small, and throughout the entire economic field, it was absolutely necessary to abolish commercial secrets. "Here we have the key to all control." Without it, "control over production and distribution . . . remains the most idle promise." Lenin therefore demanded that a new law compel all large-scale enterprises (small ones would be exempted) to publish the "completest accounts." The people must have the right "to examine *all* the documents" of big businesses.

And now we come to codes for industry. Lenin too wanted codes. But codes with a difference. He wanted

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compulsory organization of unions of industrialists. "All manufacturers and industrialists in every branch of production who employ at least two workers are obliged to unite into county and state-wide associations." The government would have a representative on each board of directors. "Responsibility for the scrupulous execution of the law rests primarily on the manufacturers, directors, members of the boards, and the big share-holders." Then the difference. In addition to the unionization of the owners, there was to be unionization of all the employees into one great union. This union would likewise enjoy the privilege of control. Lenin insisted that commercial secrets and all business affairs of corporations be examined by the "unions, employees, workers, consumers, and so forth." This was "control from below," a check on the control by the manufacturers themselves. For, "strictly speaking," Lenin observed, "the entire question of control reduces itself to the question of who controls whom, that is, which class is controlled and which class does the controlling. . . . We must move forward decisively, unhesitatingly . . . to control *over* the landlords and capitalists by the workers and peasants." Codes were merely a bureaucratic device unless accompanied by popular supervision.

The capitalist state, having taken these steps toward control, would now be ready to regulate consumption. "First, compulsory organization of the population into consumers' societies"; then the restriction of consumption by the rich and the control of consumption with the aid of the poor.

Instead of legislating real control, however, instead of organizing consumption, the government, Lenin complained, had raised the fixed price of grain. "This means a new chaotic increase in the issue of paper money, a new step forward in the process of increasing the cost of living. Everybody recognizes that the issue of paper money is the worst kind of compulsory loan, that it worsens the conditions of the workers especially, of the poorest sections of the population. . . ." Lenin's measures for compulsory and universal control would not only end the economic catastrophe; they would put an end to the need for inflation by forcing the capitalists to "return to the Treasury the paper money issued by it." Lenin's alternative to inflation was effective control. Industrialists would have to carry out the government's regulations, but their employees would be the enforcement agents.

It cannot be repeated too often that Lenin conceived of this program of state economic control within the framework of capitalist society, and without infringing on the rights of the vast majority of private property-owners. Lenin felt that the bourgeois Kerensky Cabinet could and ought to introduce the measures he outlined. The record shows that Kerensky did not carry out Lenin's suggestions. And then history called on Lenin to do the thing himself.

# Lydia Pinkham and Other Washingtonians

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, December 9*

THE youthful ardor and rash idealism of the Brain Trust finally have contrived to make Washington the scene of a mortal conflict over a fundamental issue of human rights. No doubt it was fated from the beginning to be so, although few could have suspected fate of choosing such a vehicle. The latter is now discovered to be the so-called Copeland, or Tugwell, bill, which seeks to enlarge the scope of the old pure food and drugs act. Without bandying words it can be stated that this measure frankly challenges the sacred right of a freeborn American to advertise and sell horse liniment as a remedy for tuberculosis—or, to phrase it in a wholly different way, his God-given right to advertise and sell extract of horsetail weed as a cure for diabetes. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as to decline this gage? Maybe so, but his like is not to be found in the ranks of the lobby which has rallied here at the behest of the patent-medicine manufacturers, the wholesale druggists, the proprietary association, the retail chains, and the newspapers, periodicals, and radio broadcasters which thrive on their patronage. Here we find them, one and all prepared to die for good old Lydia Pinkham, cascarets, listerine, and the other and less celebrated benefactors of suffering humanity. Nothing that can be done in such a glorious cause has been left undone. Newspapers and periodicals have been informed in emphatic language that advertising revenues are at stake, and have been reminded—just in case they forgot—that "we all exist to make profits." Broadcasting companies are alive to the danger, and opponents of the measure have not omitted to retain a Democratic national committeeman or two where it might be expected to do the most good. The battle already is fairly launched, but it will not attain its full fury until Congressmen begin to hear in earnest from the country newspapers, the religious periodicals, the corner druggists, and the particular nostrum manufacturers who have been in the habit of contributing to their respective campaign funds. This is precisely the sort of constitutional question which stirs men to the very depths of their pocket-books.

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ALTHOUGH the actual preparation of the measure was intrusted to Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Tugwell, it embodies the ideas of the permanent officials of the Food and Drug Administration, gleaned from the experiences of twenty-seven years in trying to enforce the letter and spirit of the old law. Under this old law the manufacturer or processor of food and drugs is responsible for the claims which appear on the labels of his product but not for his advertising. Accordingly, it came to the notice of the department experts that although the label on a bottle might content itself with the modest statement, "Recommended as a vegetable tonic in conditions for which this preparation is adapted," it was publicly and triumphantly advertised as a remedy for almost every malaise known to women. The manufacturer who suddenly transformed an old horse liniment into a new tuberculosis remedy was equally diffident on his labels and

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equally expansive in his advertising. He paid a woman to write testimonials for his product until she died of the disease, and then paid her son to continue them over her name—priding himself, I suppose, on having invented a novel form of ghost writing. Concerning the diabetes "medicine" extracted from horsetail weed—which commonly grows along railroad tracks—the department collected several testimonials which it now exhibits appended to the death certificates of those who wrote them. There was also the celebrated case of the Pittsburgh millionaire who drank an advertised "radium water" until the bones of his skull disintegrated, and that of the pretty Ohio school teacher who beautified her lashes with a drugstore cosmetic which promptly ate her eyeballs from their sockets. There is not space to list the legion of searing depilatories, arsenic-laden hair tonics, deleterious toothpastes, worthless mouth washes, and the like. The proposed bill would simply compel the makers of these preparations to tell the truth about them. This, the makers contend, would impair or destroy their business, thus violating their constitutional rights. Somehow, I doubt whether this argument would convince the girl who lost her eyes, even if it were read to her.

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IN mentioning the employment of present and former Democratic national committeemen by these precious defenders of the Constitution, I have touched a situation which threatens to become a major scandal. The way in which certain politicians are cashing in on their real or supposed influence with the Administration presents one of the most shameless spectacles since the days of the Ohio Gang, and if Franklin Roosevelt doesn't know what is going on, some kind friend had better tell him. Cynics are saying openly that he will live to envy Harding. Things are not that serious, but the mere suspicion is serious enough at this time, and the extent to which the boys are gathering in "retainers" is far beyond mere suspicion. One may ask, incidentally, whether this represents government by "practical men of affairs," so ardently sought by Al Smith as a full-time substitute for the activities of "absent-minded professors playing anagrams with the alphabet soup"? If so, he is welcome to it and I shall take the professors. I commend Al to the society of Bruce Barton, that shining altruist who believes that men will not serve their country faithfully unless they see a profit in it.

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ROOSEVELT'S decision to give the NRA the job of completing and approving hundreds of codes which have been hanging fire at the Department of Agriculture was full of significance and will profoundly influence future developments. The codes apply mainly to manufacturers and processors of food and clothing materials. The facts are these: Whether or not they admit it, the agriculture experts believe that general recovery depends primarily upon the rehabilitation of the farm population, and that codification of industry, with consequent rises in prices, should be postponed until the success of the farm program restores farm buying power. Moreover, they believe in more drastic government supervision of industry than is provided in any code approved by the NRA, especially regarding price control. So they proposed measures to that end, and being in no hurry anyhow, they stood pat, with the result that only two or three codes have been approved out of hundreds submitted. The heads of these industries stood around watching other industries go ahead under NRA codes, and their temperature—and temper—became unbearable. Recently they threatened to walk out in a body. When the President learned of the situation he decided to transfer it to the desk of the more dynamic but less exacting Johnson. This involved an important change of policy, away from the radical and toward the conservative. For many of the measures demanded by the Department of Agriculture a formidable case can be made, although some would have raised nice points of law. From the standpoint of unified administration and policy, Roosevelt could hardly have done otherwise than as he did. It is my personal belief that Wallace and Tugwell feel relieved.

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AFTER all the months of bluffing, whining, and wire-pulling, the newspaper publishers are about ready to accept a code. It will be a poor thing at best, and the time is long past when they could have improved their standing in public esteem by accepting an exemplary one. The contemplated makeshift will take a half-hearted step toward orderly adjustment of labor disputes and amelioration of child labor. For these meager gains we must thank not the publishers themselves but the stalwart leadership of the mechanical trades and the long-delayed uprising among underpaid and overworked editorial employees. Along toward the end of the document probably will appear a stipulation to the effect that nothing in the code shall be considered as repealing, amending, revising, or annulling the federal Constitution, and that the Freedom of the Press—God bless us all and Colonel McCormick—still waves. If so, the President, when he comes to approve it, will be afforded such a glorious opening that I doubt whether his sense of humor can be restrained. He would be fully warranted in observing that the code also fails to repeal the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the multiplication table, or the bird on Nellie's hat. What a sorry figure the vaunted leaders of public opinion have cut in this matter! What an opportunity lost to prove that they could really lead!

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TRUST the good old Republican National Committee to furnish a comic relief from these trying times. Its latest effort is literary in form if not in character, being entitled "Tories, Chiselers, Dead Cats, Witch Doctors, Bank Wreckers, and Traitors." Noting the title, many leaped to the hasty conclusion that the work was an autobiography, and from mouth to mouth along Pennsylvania Avenue flew the word that the reading world was about to be regaled with the most exciting confession story since Machiavelli released his memoirs. But the boys have fallen into the habit of disappointing us. Examination disclosed that it was only another Democratic campaign document of the type to which good old Everett Sanders, good old Simeon Fess, good old Ham Fish, good old Hank Hatfield, and good old "Hell Roarin' Dick" Dickinson have consistently devoted themselves since Roosevelt got in. They have only to keep it up and Roosevelt will be reelected by acclamation, providing Al Smith goes fishing—as he sometimes does. Oh well, maybe the Socialists will be numerous enough to make it interesting by then.

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# Due Process of Law in Alabama

By JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, Jr.

*Decatur, Alabama, December 9*

ALABAMA has been anything but shrewd. After Judge Horton's reversal of the Decatur jury's verdict of guilty in last spring's Scottsboro trial, the wise thing to do would have been to nolle-pros the whole case. In this way the entire blame would have rested on the courageous judge; Tom Knight, the Attorney-General, could have pointed to his success at having obtained a conviction; Alabama might have emerged as the great liberal Southern State; and Morgan County could have escaped the tremendous cost of a new trial.

But Alabama felt that it was necessary to show the world that alien influences could do nothing to affect its justice. And so, with utmost determination the State set out once more to bring about the conviction of Heywood Patterson and his companions for the rape of Victoria Price. Since it appeared that Judge Horton considered the boys innocent beyond reasonable doubt, it became necessary to select another judge. Alabama could not possibly have found a jurist more to its liking than Judge William Washington Callahan.

Judge Callahan lives in Decatur. He is up for reelection in a few months. To deal firmly with the Northern intruders who represented the defendants was not a bad method of electioneering. Although not a college or law-school graduate he is thought of as a pretty shrewd person. He is many years Judge Horton's senior, and it would be difficult to conceive of two men more dissimilar.

When Samuel S. Leibowitz and the attorneys of the International Labor Defense arrived in Decatur, the feeling was so bitter that many feared bloodshed. The Governor, upon the Judge's advice, had refused to call out the National Guard to protect the counsel and prisoners. Leibowitz, therefore, was protected only by two members of the New York homicide squad. Presently, the Governor felt obliged to send down fifteen burly deputies from Birmingham to see that no harm came to the attorneys. As an additional precaution all men entering the courtroom were searched for concealed weapons.

The trial was costing Morgan County in the neighborhood of $1,200 a day. Inasmuch as the county is still in financial straits, with school teachers and other civil servants long unpaid, it seemed imperative to complete the trials as quickly as possible. The judge decided to allow three days for each case. Double the time had been required last spring.

During these trials the outsider could immediately sense the feeling of the town. The townsmen's emotions were no longer suppressed, and the judge accurately reflected the opinions of his neighbors. Gone were the tolerance and integrity of a Judge Horton; in their place were heard the wisecracks of a small-town politician catering to his constituents. It was impossible to escape the impression that Judge Callahan was following a carefully prearranged plan of procedure laid out by abler minds. A Birmingham paper recently charged that the Alabama Supreme Court and its "liberal" Chief Justice, James Anderson, were responsible for the removal of Judge Horton from the trial and the substitution of Judge Callahan. There seems to be plenty of evidence to support this contention. Alabama is determined to uphold the original verdict and convict the boys. Judge Horton's honesty has meant his political ruin. In all his many years on the bench he has never been opposed for reelection. This year he has two opponents and scarcely a chance of victory.

Judge Callahan started by trying to avoid the errors which might result in reversal by a higher court. Reversing Judge Horton, he allowed the defense to force Jackson County to produce its 1931 jury rolls, to show whether Negroes had been kept off the jury lists at the time of the original trial in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment. As the newspapers have reported, the names of six Negroes were found, names which are thought by the defense and a prominent handwriting expert specially imported from New York to have been added fraudulently very recently. Newspapermen who saw the rolls reported that the names in question were on either the very top or the bottom of the pages, and that in some instances they were written over the green lines drawn across the pages at the close of the period in 1931. Although forgery seemed obvious, Judge Callahan ruled that experts' testimony always tended to confuse him, and that it was impossible for him to believe that his neighbors in Jackson County would stoop to forgery.

From that time on the defense suffered staggering blows from the jurist's rulings. In fact, Judge Callahan was often a more able prosecutor than the Attorney-General. Vital testimony which Judge Horton had admitted was barred by Callahan as "immaterial." Leibowitz found it impossible to show that Victoria Price had several times been convicted of prostitution and had served time in the Huntsville jail. He was unable to show that Ruby Bates and Victoria had spent the night before the celebrated train ride in the hobo jungles of Chattanooga, together with their two white boy friends who had hoboed with them from Huntsville. This was extremely important evidence for the defense, as it explained how the girls could have acquired the small amount of non-motile semen which Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro testified he found in examining them immediately after they were taken from the train at Paint Rock.

Callahan heckled, interrupted, and glowered at Leibowitz throughout the trial, to the delight of the spectators. "Now we got a *real* judge," one of my neighbors whispered to me the first day. The defense wasn't putting anything over on him. No one expected this man to set aside a verdict of guilty. The State did its best to strengthen its case against the Negroes. It got hold of Orville Gilley, the only white hobo riding with the two girls who was not thrown off the train during the fight. Although he had been held in Scottsboro throughout the original trials he had not been called upon to testify, presumably because the State could not rely on his testimony. This time he appeared after one of Tom Knight's men had brought him back from California. It was openly admitted that Knight was sending Gilley's mother money each week and giving him small amounts from

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time to time. In addition Gilley was openly living with Victoria Price. His testimony now could be counted upon.

Gilley was a thoroughly charming witness. He was not a hobo; he was a poet and entertainer. He had tremendous poise, and smiled a superior smile when asked questions that cast reflections upon him. The tale he told was obviously one falsehood after another, uttered with remarkable ingenuousness. At one point in his testimony Orville got off the witness stand, went over to the miniature train, and pointed out exactly on which car the attack had taken place. After the luncheon recess he was back on the stand again. Having conferred with the Attorney-General he found that he had made a mistake in the car. He had thought that the train was facing the other way—although the engine was there in plain sight on the table. Therefore he corroborated Victoria's story and pointed out the same car she had testified to. All this he did with a perfectly straight face. In his summation Leibowitz referred to Gilley as a "dirty, filthy liar." He was quite mistaken; Orville was a slick, charming one.

The "better element" of Alabama was absent from the courtroom during the trial. The upper class of Decatur and Huntsville was unwilling even to discuss the trial. The reversal of Judge Horton did not create the amount of doubt one might have expected, because, as one Decatur resident told me, the local papers were careful to suppress the important parts of his decision. The case is still a rape case, and the "nigras" are presumed guilty. The outside interference and Northern Jewish lawyers are more resented than ever. Leibowitz is thoroughly detested in Decatur, especially since his New York statements about "lantern-jawed morons" have been quoted in the Decatur daily. His life was in actual danger when he first arrived. The defendants were not in any such danger. People knew that under Judge Callahan there would be speedy convictions.

Victoria Price appeared on the witness stand in finery that startled the spectators. Particularly intriguing was a spangled half-veil. Victoria is a Huntsville mill-hand now, and under the NRA she is getting no less than $14 a week. But it looked less possible than before that she could have been raped. She contradicted herself more than ever. Each time she was asked a question by Leibowitz she would turn to Tom Knight for assistance. He did his best to help with numerous signals. Finally the defense counsel protested, and the judge rebuked not Knight but Leibowitz for daring to insinuate such a thing. Knight is running for Lieutenant-Governor and he is becoming a powerful political figure in the State. His father is still one of the Alabama Supreme Court justices who must pass on this case upon its appeal.

During the trial last spring the most damaging evidence to the prosecution was given by Dr. Bridges of Scottsboro, a prosecution witness. This year the State subpoenaed Dr. Bridges but failed to call him to give evidence. Knight attempted to catch the defense off guard and excuse the witness, but Leibowitz found out in time and put the doctor on the stand. He repeated once more his testimony that he had examined Victoria less than an hour after she was taken off the train, found her temperature and respiration normal, no sign of nervousness or fright, and no marks of violence. On her clothing there was nothing to indicate intercourse or rape by the seven defendants. He further testified that she was not bleeding and had suffered no blow from a pistol. In short, he discredited a large portion of Victoria's tale.

The prosecution produced several farmers who had seen the fight between the colored and white boys on the train. One of them, Luther Morris, gave a graphic account of the fight as he saw it from his barn, and asserted that he saw two white girls in a gondola car with some Negroes. The defense then produced some pictures showing the barn to be sixteen feet below the railroad tracks, making it an impossibility for anyone inside to look out and see into a passing car. As the picture was passed to him Morris reached into his pocket and put on his glasses. Thereupon Leibowitz asked him: "How long have you worn glasses?"

"I run a sawmill," was the reply.

"Are you nearsighted or farsighted?"

Pause. The question is repeated.

"I can hear purty well."

The other farmers were of similar caliber. They impressed one as being sincere. It was also obvious that their memory had been "refreshed" without their being quite conscious of the fact. None of them testified to having seen any sign of a rape, however.

Leibowitz was better in his summation than he was last spring. There were fewer fireworks and a more reasoned appeal to logic. General George Chamlee, the Chattanooga lawyer employed by the I. L. D., also made a moving and effective plea. The prosecution, too, was more restrained than before. Wade Wright, the Morgan County prosecutor who made the famous Jew-baiting address last spring, was on his best behavior and merely talked about the purity of Southern white womanhood which must at all cost be preserved. He talked himself into a kind of trance, and his voice could be heard for many blocks outside the courtroom. He and his associates harped on the fact that Negroes had dared to fight white boys and kick them off the train. Each prosecutor stressed that part of Victoria's testimony which described the Negroes as saying to the whites: "Unload, you white sons of bitches." This made its impression.

The prosecution was also sensitive for the first time to the charge of "frame-up." "Can you gentlemen of the jury believe that men of Jackson County, your *neighbors,* would frame a case against anybody?"

The most dramatic moment in the trial came during Attorney-General Knight's summation. At the end, while Tom Knight was telling the jury that a conviction with the death penalty would mean staying the hand of future rapists, Leibowitz stood up with an objection. "Your Honor, this is an appeal to passion and prejudice . . ." Tom Knight whirled around, still excited. "It certainly is . . ." He attempted to correct the blunder, but too late.

The Judge in his charge behaved as he had all along. He forgot to tell the jury how to find the defendant "not guilty" until reminded by Leibowitz and Knight, after he had finished his charge. The same thing almost happened in the trial of Norris, which followed.

Decatur has become considerably more prosperous since last April. There is spare change in most of the male pockets these days. Thanksgiving day was a gala affair in town, with the big football game of the year between Decatur and its closest rival, Hartselle. The natives were out to see a smashing victory—but the referee was a Hartselle man. Time after time he penalized their team. The crowd became more and more furious. Finally it shouted at him: "Leibowitz, Leibowitz!"

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# Advertising and the Depression

By JAMES RORTY

WHEN architects are out of work, it may well be alleged that the social function of providing shelter is thereby more or less blocked. When engineers are out of work, it is properly contended that the functions of constructing, operating, and improving our power-age technological equipment are thereby debilitated. When doctors are out of work, the health of the population demonstrably declines. But when the advertising "profession" is out of work, the unsympathetic layman is likely to exclaim, in Broadway parlance, "And so what?"

And so, while nobody seems to have the slightest difficulty in buying whatever he both wants and can afford to buy, we are today relatively lacking in advertising guidance, stimulus, "education." Our newspapers and magazines have become more and more svelte, with a steadily diminishing content of what the late Thorstein Veblen insisted on calling "doctrinal memoranda"—in other words, advertisements. For the evil days have come, and the profession has no pleasure in them. And the priests of the temple of advertising go about the streets in snappy suits and tattered underwear. And they are afraid of that which is high.

Excuse me. Anyone who, like the writer, has been duly indentured in Mr. Bruce Barton's profession finds it difficult to break the habit of Scriptural paraphrase. Let's get quickly to our statistics. In 1929 advertising was a two-billion-dollar industry. The measurement of the industry is of course difficult. I use approximately the figure cited by Robert Lynd in "Recent Social Changes," which in turn is based more or less on earlier figures compiled by Maurice Copeland for "Recent Economic Changes." Today the advertising industry has probably shrunk to less than half that two-billion-dollar peak. The trend is clearly shown in estimates compiled by *Printers'* Ink, the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the Advertising Record Company, and *Advertising and Selling*.

The *Printers' Ink* check list of about sixty-five leading magazines goes back to 1919, when the total advertising linage for these sixty-five magazines was 22,876,808. The 1921 depression is reflected in a drop in that year to 17,597,640 lines. But the upward curve was quickly resumed and continued uninterruptedly to the 1929 peak of 32,578,035 lines.

The Advertising Record Company uses a check list of eighty-nine magazines and gives dollar values, which increased from $190,817,540 in 1927 to $203,776,077 in 1929. By 1932 the magazine linage had dropped to 16,239,587 and the dollar value to $115,342,606. Partial figures for 1933 are provided by *Advertising and Selling*. They show magazine linage for the first six months of 1933 to be about 29 per cent less than the 1932 figures. In July the descending curve began to flatten, so that, what with beer and the NRA, the September linage was only 5.88 per cent less than that of September, 1932—incidentally, a reversal of the usual seasonal trend.

The curve of national advertising in newspapers behaves similarly. Starting with a dollar value of $220,000,000 in 1925, it reaches a 1929 peak of $260,000,000. Then it drops to $230,000,000 in 1930, $205,000,000 in 1931, and $160,000,000 in 1932. The drop continued in the early months of 1933, but the recovery came sooner and has gone higher; August newspaper advertising was 23.65 per cent more than that of the same month of the preceding year.

As might be expected, agriculture is the sore spot of the advertising economy as it is of the economy in general. The Advertising Record Company's figures show a slightly earlier incidence of distress in this quarter. National advertising in national farm publications faltered from $11,092,342 in 1929 to $10,327,956 in 1930, dropped suddenly to $7,775,415 in 1931, and slumped hopelessly in 1932 to $4,921,514.

Radio advertising is unique in that it shows a continuous upward trend during the depression years up to 1933. The combined figures of the two major chain systems, National and Columbia, show an increase of broadcasting expenditures by national advertisers from $18,729,571 in 1929 to $39,106,776 in 1932. But by April of this year radio advertising was 42.71 per cent under the total for the same month of 1932. A reversal of this trend is indicated by the August total, which is off only 16.53 per cent from August, 1932. In spite of their increased income during the depression, however, the Wonder Boys of radio have managed somehow to stay in the red—the Radio Corporation of America, for example, has yet to pay a dividend to its common stockholders.

So much for the statistical records of the advertising industry, which are incomplete since they do not include the trade press, car cards, outdoor advertising, and direct advertising. The trends, however, have been similar.

The human records during these years have been even more depressing. The Golden Bowl of advertising is not broken, but it has been badly cracked, and through that crack has leaked about half of the 1929 personnel of the profession and, probably, a bit more than half of the profession's 1929 income. This is merely a rough estimate, since no reliable figures are available. The writer is indebted to a leading employment agency in the field for the estimates here given. They are based on considerable evidence plus the best judgment of an informed observer.

Advertising salaries were, of course, preposterously inflated during the late New Era. A good copy writer got $150 a week, whereas a newspaper reporter of equal competence was lucky to get $50 a week. Practically any competent artist could choose between starving to death painting good pictures and making from $10,000 to $50,000 a year painting portraits of branded spinach, pineapple, cheese, and so forth, so realistic that the publications in which they were reproduced had to be kept on ice in order to arrest the normal processes of nature.

The high-power advertising executives, the star agency business getters and publication-space salesmen—all these were similarly inflated as to salaries, and as to their conviction of their own importance. Executive salaries of $25,000 and $30,000 were common in 1929, and there were even a

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few $50,000-a-year men, not counting the agency owners. Research directors and merchandizing experts had also begun to come in on the big money. In some of the larger agencies an owlish, ex-academic or pseudo-academic type was in great demand as a front for the more important clients. These queer birds got from $12,000 to $40,000 a year. They specialized in the higher realms of the advertising make-believe, being as statistical, psychological, economico-psychological, statistical-sociological as Polonius himself. Since there was indeed something rotten in Denmark, and since advertising was distinctly a part of that something, they too were pierced by the sword of the depression and fell squealing behind the arras.

Where are those "big shots" now? A few, who didn't get caught in the stock market, are sitting and drinking in Mallorca. Some are doing subsistence farming in Vermont and elsewhere, with perhaps a hot-dog stand as a sideline. Some are on the receiving end of the formula of salesmen-exploitation which many companies have adopted as a means of conquering the rigors of the depression. You use your own car and your own gas trying to sell a new gadget in a territory infested by other salesmen for the same gadget. In two months you have sold two gadgets and your commissions amount to $58.75. Your business expense for the same period amounts to $79.85. That proves you're a poor salesman.

Some of the savants are back in the fresh-water colleges teaching the same old stuff about scientific merchandising to the young, from whom they carefully conceal what has happened, assuming that they know what has happened, which is doubtful. A former copy writer of my acquaintance has become business manager of a radical monthly, on a theoretical salary. Another has gone to California, where the climate is more suitable for practicing his former craft of commercial fiction. One hears that some of the unemployed poets in advertising are writing poetry and that some of the unemployed novelists in advertising are writing novels. For the so-called "creative" workers in advertising, the adjustment has perhaps been a little easier than for the executives, "contact men," space salesmen, and the like. A relief administrator told the writer about an advertising man who had presented a difficult problem to her organization. He needed money to feed his family, but he wouldn't surrender his respectable address just off Park Avenue. He still hoped to get back into the running, had a hundred "leads" and schemes. Meanwhile, he must look prosperous, since an indigent, unsuccessful advertising man is a contradiction in terms.

Many of the agencies started firing and cutting right after the stock-market crash. By the fall of 1930 wholesale discharges were frequent. During the past year the havoc has been appalling. Agencies that formerly employed 600 persons are operating with about half that number. In the smaller agencies the staffs have been reduced from 150 to 30, from 30 to 8, from 16 to 4. Salaries have been cut again and again. In some agencies there have been as many as four successive cuts. They have hit the higher and middle brackets hardest—particularly the "creative" staffs. The employment agent already referred to has recently placed at $50 and $70 a week copy writers who in 1929 were getting $14,000 and $10,000 a year. Secretaries and stenographers have dropped from $40 and $30 a week to $18 and $15. In the entire agency field there are perhaps a handful that have refrained from cutting salaries or that have restored cuts when business improved for that particular agency.

Mergers have been numerous during the depression. The earlier trend toward concentration of the business in the hands of comparatively few large agencies has been accelerated. In the process many well-known names have disappeared from the agency roster.

Competitive business is war. Advertising is a means by which one business competes against another business in the same field, or against all business, for a larger share of the consumer's dollar. The World War lasted four years. The depression has lasted four years. You would expect that advertising would become ethically worse under the increasing stress of competition, and precisely that trend has been clearly observable. But in the writer's view the pother about ethics, about "truth in advertising," is now and always has been almost too silly to waste time over. Judgments of ethical value are inapplicable under the circumstances. Good advertising is advertising which promotes the sale of a maximum of goods or services at a maximum profit for a minimum expense. Bad advertising is advertising that doesn't sell or costs too much.

Judged by these criteria, and they are the only permanently operative criteria, good advertising is testimonial advertising, mendacious advertising, fear-and-emulation advertising, tabloid balloon-technique advertising, effective advertising which enables the advertiser to pay dividends to the widows and orphans who have invested their all in the stocks of the company. But, it may be objected, the profession itself has been protesting against the testimonial racket and other advertising "excesses" and "abuses." Surely. The "reform" of advertising is a profession in itself. Like all other professions, trades, businesses, and industries caught up in the accelerating and intensifying processes of an exploitative economy, advertising pursues forever the will-o'-the-wisp of "stabilization"—that is to say, the maintenance of a level of exploitation operating more or less constantly within the limits of tolerance of the traffic.

It can readily be shown that "good" advertising, as above defined, works on the whole better than any other kind of advertising. And as long as it works, dear reader, you'll get plenty of it. Did not General Johnson say at the convention of the Advertising Federation of America that under the New Deal "good advertising will become more essential than ever"? And how, by the way, would he have dared to say anything else in the teeth of the advertising business, that is to say, the total apparatus of newspaper and magazine publishing in America, plus the radio and other miscellaneous promotion businesses—the fifth industry in America?

The advertising profession is supporting the New Deal and has duly signed its NRA code. It differs scarcely at all from the unofficial ethical codes which year after year are promulgated by the reformers of the profession and year after year are habitually violated. The profession would like to hope that "cutthroat price competition" is to be eliminated and advertising competition in terms of allegations of superior quality to be encouraged. This, of course, is precisely the opposite of the functional formula urged by Chase and others—that values be determined by impartial government authority and advertising competition restricted to price.

[*This is the twelfth of a series of articles on the effect of the economic crisis on the professions.*]

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# Blood-Stained Cotton in California

By MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD

THREE Mexicans murdered in cold blood; nine helpless children starved to death; 113 men and women under arrest on charges ranging from rioting to criminal syndicalism, not counting eight ranchers indicted for murder—that is the record of California's cotton pickers' strike, which was officially settled after it had raged through six counties of the lower San Joaquin Valley for more than three weeks.

Somewhat similar is the record of many strikes in many places, but there are ramifications of the cotton pickers' strike that are decidedly unusual. This is probably the first strike on record in which one of the demands of the strikers was higher pay for the bosses. The reason for this is that everyone, including the strikers, grants that the growers cannot at present afford to pay more than the sixty cents per hundred pounds which was offered. The pickers went on strike for a dollar a hundred; the compromise on which settlement was made was seventy-five cents. The difference, the growers were given to understand, would be made up by a grant of a million dollars from the Federal Land Bank at Berkeley; but when the growers had grudgingly accepted the higher rate, they were calmly informed by George Creel, the NRA regional director, who, with Timothy Reardon of the State Industrial Board, had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the compromise, that he did not mean they would get any more money—he meant that they had already received a federal loan of a million dollars in the past!

This is sad news for the growers, who are just about on their last legs now after years of depression. Most of them are in pawn to the gin operators and the finance companies, the real villains in the piece, who financed the picking in advance on the basis of a sixty-cent rate. Three-quarters of the $9,000,000 crop was contracted for before it was ripe, at seven to eight cents a pound—most of it, it is said, on orders from Japan, in itself a significant statement. The few independent growers who held out because they were economically better fixed are now getting from ten to twelve cents a pound. The new textile code allows fifteen cents a pound for raw cotton. It is easy to see that the California cotton growers are not going to buy any Rolls Royces this season.

However, no sympathy need be wasted on them. Their treatment of the strikers and of the strike organizers has been execrable. It is easy, of course, to understand their psychology—that of the economically depressed poor white who lynches a Negro because he dare not attack the owner of his miserable farm. The cotton growers, faced with their first chance in years to make even a bare living, desperate and unnerved and just beginning to hope again, suddenly found themselves confronted with stubborn resistance from the submissive Mexican peons they had imported to do the grinding work of picking, which relatively few white workers will attempt. They could do nothing but grumble at the gin operators and the finance companies, but here was a chance for a real catharsis. The striker was the scapegoat. The growers and their law-enforcement officials fell upon him viciously. When they had turned the beautiful southern San Joaquin into a shambles, they blandly blamed the Communists—that is, the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union. The pickers, they said, really wanted to work and were delighted to receive sixty cents a hundred pounds—a wage at which at the best a full-grown man can earn about $1.20 a day, out of which he must take the cost of his picking sacks; an entire family of husband, wife, and small children (all of whom usually work) can earn no more than $2. (The average *family* wage under the sixty-cent scale was $7.20 a week!) The only reason they walked out and stayed out, said the growers, was that they were afraid of the organizers.

Long before there was any actual bloodshed, it was being deliberately planned at growers' meetings in Kings and Tulare counties. There and in Kern County deputies so called—practically all of them ranchers or members of ranchers' families—were being sworn in by the hundred, and all were heavily armed. An independent grower accused a prominent member of the "Protective Association" hastily formed by the ranchers of having urged that the members arm themselves and end the strike by violence.

And then, on the same day, Pedro Subla was shot to death at a struggle on a ranch near Arvin, Kern County, and Dolores Hernandez and Delfino Davila were murdered at Pixley, Visalia County. The only unusual feature of the shooting of Subla was that nine of his fellow-strikers, including one woman, were arrested for his murder, the charge being that one of the strikers, Alonzo Andrews (all those arrested were Americans in this case), had killed him while attempting to attack a deputy sheriff who was endeavoring to disperse the crowd. There was plenty of testimony that the strikers were unarmed, and Andrews was not even present at the affray. On investigation the Kern County grand jury refused to return murder indictments, and the nine are now held on charges of rioting.

In the Pixley killings, there could be no question of who did the shooting. Both the strikers and the growers had been holding all-night meetings, in separate places. At dawn the meetings broke up and the two factions met face to face. The strikers were returning to their camp; they were entirely unarmed, even as to pick-handles or stones. There was some altercation, and then a young rancher yelled, "Let them have it, boys!" A volley of shots followed, and Hernandez fell dead. The killing of Davila was even more atrocious. He approached with his hands up, was shot, and fell, wounded, on his face. As he lay there helpless, growers pumped lead into his back. Davila was the Mexican consular representative at Visalia.

Then the armed ranchers ambushed themselves behind their cars, but there was no retaliation. The pickers had nothing to retaliate with. Eleven growers were indicted for murder by a very apologetic, reluctant, and slow-moving grand jury made up of their fellow-ranchers. Eight are now held without bail, three having proved an alibi.

The heart and soul of the cotton pickers' strike was Pat Chambers, Communist organizer, who had been active in the earlier strikes of peach and grape pickers. Under the name

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of John Williams he is now in jail in Visalia on two criminal-syndicalism charges, bail having been fixed at $10,000. There have been rumors of attempts to lynch him. When Creel and the State's fact-finding committee—Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, Professor Ira B. Cross of the University of California, and President Tully C. Knoles of the College of the Pacific—endeavored to negotiate with the strikers and asked for spokesmen, the strikers insisted unanimously that they had no spokesmen—that nobody could speak for them but Pat Chambers. Nothing could induce them to change their minds. It was a deliberate piece of tactics to keep official attention focused on Chambers and thus save his life.

The strikers' largest tent colony, after they were evicted from their cabins on such ranches as had any, was at Corcoran, where nearly 4,000 persons—twice the population of the town itself—were huddled in the space of two city blocks, without water or sanitation. Typhoid, dysentery, pink-eye, and diphtheria broke out. Children died from lack of food. Just before the settlement federal relief was secured; after the compromise it was withdrawn, and no credit will be extended for food until after the picking of one bag of cotton. Governor Rolph refused repeated appeals for the State militia, saying county officials should be able to handle the situation—officials notoriously in sympathy with the growers, using tear-gas on strikers, and looking the other way up to the point of actual murder. Now the State highway patrol is in charge and martial law practically exists.

The growers are sore because they feel they were fooled about that million-dollar subsidy. The rains have started and the cotton will brown. Some pickers, mostly Negroes, have been imported from Texas and more are on the way. The strikers say they will not return unless the union is recognized, their comrades are released from prison, and all armed forces are withdrawn from the area. The growers will not dream of granting any one of these demands. As Sheriff Buckner of Kings County puts it, "The situation is still full of dynamite."

## Earth Draws Inward

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now birds are definite and dark
In paling light on the windless limb;
Now the cold apple hides its spark,
And earth draws inward from its rim.

Wings which were a flash of light
Shaking thin bodies into air
Now bind those gathered bodies tight
Till flesh of flesh is made aware.

Now the ripe apple which before
Gathered and spent a careless gold
Knows darkness seeding at the core
And a strange weight no limb can hold.

I, standing in a dwindled world
Where the blind hills draw darkly in,
Remember many a night unfurled
On the still branch where day has been;
Remember many a day will be
And many a careless wing be spent
And many an eye now bright not see
How for this seed this twig is bent.

Deep in the mind a hollow shell
Remembers how the tide will be;
The seedlings of this flesh foretell
Tomorrow growing like a tree.

Bound beyond hope or chance or fear
This earth will blossom with the worm;
This flesh which circles with the year
Is a like slave for a like term.

We lean upon a kind decay
For the blind worm who husks our seed
Takes cold corruption for his need
And gives eternity away.

Imperishable flesh that holy wears
Death like a crown all set with light,
Grass breathes; earth turns upon the night
By just compulsion under the wide airs;

Stars burn their measured candles; and the moon
Perfect in grace
o ignorantly wise
Will strike appointed heaven silver soon
Spending her foredoomed bounty on the skies.

# In the Driftway

IF a movement or a point of view may be judged by the art produced in its name, the advocates of drinking win over the teetotalers hands down. The Drifter has the evidence before him in the catalogue of the Wine Trade Loan Exhibition of drinking vessels and books and documents, which was obviously brought together with loving care by British worshipers of wine and was put on view in the ancient Hall of the Vintners' Company in London some months ago. The only art produced by that fierce and intemperate attitude embodied in Ella Boole and the Anti-Saloon League, so far as the Drifter knows, consists of lurid pictures of an alcoholic's stomach in progressive stages of decay. One of the leading exhibits at the Vintners' Hall was a wine glass used by Queen Elizabeth so exquisite of line and texture that almost by itself it would justify the right of liquor to exist. But it was only one of almost 400 vessels of glass, bronze, silver, gold, and pottery borrowed from private collections and ancient organizations and ranging from a fragile Greek wine glass of the fifth century B. C. to hearty "puzzle jugs" in pottery that drenched who knows how many unwary thirsters after good old English ale. Punch bowls and posset pots, mazer bowls and drinking horns, decanters and "fuddling cups," they are all here, the precious cups into which have been poured the joys, the sorrows, and the wines of many human generations. From the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers came an ancient silver horn of the sixth century, dug up in a bog in Ireland in the early part of this century. There were other

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notable exhibits lent by the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, and the Worshipful Company of Vintners, not to mention a goblet "graciously lent by His Majesty the King." It is a beautiful array, and the certainty grows that mere water would never have inspired these fine shapes, this beautiful workmanship. Nothing less precious than rare wine could have called forth from the heart and hand of the Venetian glassblower, Giacomo Verzelini, the goblet (1581) which is the earliest undamaged English dated glass and was made by Verzelini in London under a patent granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1575 "for the makynge of drynkynge glasses suche as be accustomablie made in the town of Morano."

* * * * *

THE catalogue of the Wine Trade Loan Exhibition is an expression of a tradition of good taste hundreds of years in the making. The Drifter trembles to think what an exhibition of American taste in drinking would look like, particularly at this moment when, as the New York *World-Telegram* liltingly put it, "Liquor Is Legal Again." Fourteen years of bootleg gin and whiskey have created a barbarous appetite which, like the appetite for opium, will have to be reduced gradually by means of progressively smaller doses. At present the average American thinks that liquor, like medicine, is no good unless it tastes bad. Moreover, he is convinced that anything legal must be weak. As for the ritual of wines, the man who is accustomed to drinking cocktails from five o'clock in the afternoon until he is carried home at five o'clock in the morning will probably find it as unexciting as the Catholic ritual must seem to a sinner who has just attended a Billy Sunday revival.

* * * * *

THE reconstruction of American taste will be a long and difficult process. For a while, at least, the restaurants would be well advised (and we are sure we can count on their cooperation) to improve the quality of their drinks only slowly, and to preserve as much as possible that comfortable illusion of illegality and security which is best achieved in an airless cellar with a locked door, unpalatable liquor, and a policeman drinking at the bar. It would seem that the regulators are aware of the desirability of gradualness in dealing with the addicts of bathtub gin. Some of the rules, such as the one in New York which prohibits drinking while standing up, are obviously designed to make legal drinking easier. Breaking a rule may not be quite so satisfying as breaking a law but it is something. Likewise the politicians and racketeers may find it less profitable to get around the rules than to evade laws, but in time they will get used to it and they have innumerable rules to play with. Many of the States have shown unusual ingenuity in devising games to titillate the legal drinker. In one State the brass rail is illegal; in another that section of a bar from which drinks are dispensed is higher than those sections at which the customer may drink and it is illegal for the customer to rest so much as an elbow on the bartender's section.

* * * * *

THERE is little possibility that the present generation will ever learn to like fine wines. But perhaps it is not too much to hope that in a hundred years American taste will have reached a point where an American "wine trade loan exhibition of drinking vessels" will seem a less remote possibility than it does in the first month of the post-prohibition era.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## "How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda?"

[*In its issue of November 29* The Nation *published an article by Ludwig Lore summing up the activities of Nazi agents and pro-Nazi organizations in the United States and revealing the thoroughness with which the ideas of Hitler are being disseminated—and absorbed. Mr. Lore's article followed an editorial in* The Nation *for November 8 in which the editors invoked for the Nazis in America the time-honored rights of free speech. The situation is full of uncomfortable possibilities. However remote this country may still be from the mood which leads men to flock to the fascist ranks, the germs of fascism and racial arrogance are undoubtedly in the American system. With this in mind, Mr. Lore warned us of the results of tolerance toward reactionary propaganda and suggested that our "doctrinaires of 'pure democracy'" should consider well whether they had not better abandon their advocacy of free expression for all groups before it is too late. Many of our readers, as the letters printed below indicate, share his views. The editors of* The Nation *emphatically do not agree. Undoubtedly governments have been made and unmade by the force of well-directed streams of high-pressure agitation. But behind the propaganda must lie human passions aroused and waiting to be mobilized. A triumph of fascism in the United States, with all its attendant horrors, might be brought about by continued economic decline, the breakdown of confidence in democratic methods, the demand of a despairing people for drastic action, and finally by middle-class fear of imminent revolution. If that day comes, the propaganda of Nazi fanatics may well prove effective. But meanwhile, the growth of a healthy movement toward the left—strong labor unions, a radical political opposition—can only be fostered by an absolute support of the right of all groups to agitate and spread their doctrines. It would be political suicide for those of us who demand the right of free speech for ourselves to deny it to any of our enemies—even the Nazis.*]

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I have just read your editorial How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda? in which you concede the right of the Nazis to free speech because the historic American doctrine still holds.

If the Nazis were attacking the American government, as do the Socialists or the Communists, I would say with you that they are entitled to do it because our institutions are strong enough to stand criticism; we have enough faith in them to resist such propaganda. But when the Nazi aliens come here to attack a small minority of people because of their religious beliefs and try to arouse others against them by a low emotional appeal, that is a different story. The laws here not only entitle people to free speech but to freedom in religious worship, and the Nazis, it seems to me, are certainly trampling on that law when they stir up agitation against the Jews.

*New York, November 3* L. MARTIN

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in the issue of November 8 on the subject of Nazi propaganda once more proves how a good principle

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may be made to appear ridiculous. I want to assure you that I am an ardent believer in the doctrine of free speech but I do not think that in holding any doctrine one should be so extreme as to appear ridiculous.

I venture to state that, in spite of their belief in free speech, neither the editors of *The Nation* nor Messrs. Ernst and Weinberger would tolerate and allow a meeting of white bigots, the purpose of which would be an invitation to Negro lynchings. Why, then, be so tolerant of a Nazi meeting and Nazi agitation? Is such propaganda anything else than agitation for lynchings, both moral and physical, of the Jews? German National Socialism is not a political, social, or economic doctrine. It is principally an anti-Jewish doctrine, a doctrine which does not deserve the protection of the principle of free speech.

*New York, November 4* S. SILVERBERG

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In *The Nation* for November 8 you endeavored to answer the question, How shall we meet Nazi propaganda? I must confess that I was shocked at your stand. You stated that "the situation demands that we continue to uphold the finest American traditions of free speech and liberty of assembly at all times, *no matter what the consequences.*"

It is true that all liberty-loving Americans should uphold our dearest traditions of free speech provided it remains within proper bounds and does not conflict with the true meaning of our Constitution. But free speech should not include the sowing of the seeds of bigotry, the expression of racial hatreds and prejudices against certain elements of our minority population, or the undermining of our chosen form of government by aliens.

*Los Angeles, Cal., November 8* IRVING H. SCHWARTZ

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your editorial in *The Nation* of November 8, How Shall We Meet Nazi Propaganda? is sincere, noble, and idealistic. I believe, however that it reaches a disastrously wrong and dangerous conclusion.

Your reasoning in this matter seems to me based on a naive idealism which takes no account of the realities of the situation. You say we must support Nazi free speech "if we believe firmly in our institutions and their Democratic spirit," but you are surely not naive enough to believe that our American institutions and their Democratic spirit (in the sense in which *The Nation* uses these words) exist outside of Fourth of July and campaign oratory, or except in the minds of a very few idealists like yourself. You say also that the Nazis should not be interfered with because such interference would set a precedent for those wishing to suppress Socialists, Communists, and others the police may not like. All of us, of course, have had to face this possibility and its consequences. Yet it seems to me mere rhetoric to say that protesting against Nazi propaganda sets a precedent. When have the people who wanted to suppress Socialist or Communist free speech waited for a precedent? Actually, as matters stand, radicals are to a large extent suppressed. So are liberals, Jews, Negroes, and others against whom Nazi venom is directed. *The Nation's* stand does nothing to alleviate this condition. It merely extends to the Nazis further facilities for crushing their enemies.

You also seem unduly optimistic in your statement "that there is not the slightest reason to fear that the Nazis will ever win over the bulk of Americans." That is mere Pollyanna, happy-ending stuff. Is there no reason to believe that the mobs that lynch Negroes in Alabama, that lynched Leo Frank as a Jew in Georgia, that burn Negroes at the stake in Texas and torture I.W.W.'s in Washington may be won over to this propaganda? No reason to fear that the Ku Klux Klan may be revived and the unspeakable Silver Shirts gain recruits?

It seems to me also that you overstress the legalistic aspect of the matter. It should not be necessary for the Nazis—and again I don't mean Germans or German-Americans but only active supporters of Hitlerism—to commit overt crimes before we can protect ourselves against criminal intentions which we know exist. Probably there is no law as yet making it a misdemeanor to sing in public "Wenn's Juden Blut vom Messer spritzt." There is probably no law on our statute books, either, against scattering typhoid germs where they can do the most harm, but you wouldn't seriously contend—or would you?—that advocating the right to scatter typhoid germs is merely the citizen's or the alien's inalienable right "to make an ass of himself in public."

It is one of the tragic and grotesque anomalies of the situation that we have reached a point where nominal liberalism is not real liberalism, where we have to choose between liberty itself and a mere fetish of liberality. We have to face the fact also that a choice is not necessarily between a right course and a wrong one but only between two more or less wrong ones and that the less wrong is apt in the long run to be the historically right one. Refusal to make a choice, taking refuge in Pollyanna optimism about the impossibility of stampeding the American people into Hitlerism, and haphazard laissez faire on this issue seem to me a policy that definitely establishes the failure of liberalism in the present crisis. If *The Nation* follows this policy I think it will seriously and only too justly weaken its influence.

*New York, November 2* MARTHA GRUENING

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

On the question "How shall we meet Nazi propaganda?" I must disagree with the editors of *The Nation.* You say the alien has a legal right to criticize the government "unless he violates the law by inciting to violence or crime."

That is just the point. The entire Nazi propaganda is an incitement to violence and crime. Nazis have no ideas or principles. They are political gangsters and racketeers, as Mr. Ridder called them to their face. They have no programs unless inciting to pogroms is a program. Their propaganda is bound to lead to hatred, discord, violence, and crime.

I discussed this very subject with my friend Roger Baldwin, and he said: "Let us wait, and if their propaganda results in violence and crime we will then arrest the criminals and the inciters to violence." People who think realistically, who are not entirely devoid of common sense, try rather to prevent crime than to punish the violators after the crimes have been committed. The argument that if we suppress the Nazis, other minorities, such as the Communists, Socialists, and so forth, may be suppressed later, is a purely doctrinaire argument. Our giving the Nazis unhampered liberty to spread their propaganda of hate and violence would not make them hesitate one moment to strangle and crush us if they ever came into power.

*New York, November 2* WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

# Mr. Viereck Answers Mr. Lore

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Nazi Politics in America, by Ludwig Lore, does more credit to the author's imagination than to his accuracy. It is perfectly true that I visited Germany a few weeks ago. It is untrue that I went there under the terms of any contract with Carl Byoir and Associates.

It has been my practice for many years to go abroad in search of new material. That is how I happen to make my living. . . . I also, as is my wont, gathered data for a number of articles. The writer in *The Nation* suggests that Mr. Dickey went with me to interview the leaders of the New Germany.

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What surprising news! If Mr. Lore is right, my friend Dickey must have developed occult powers which enable him to project his astral body at will unseen into the presence of others.

To the best of my knowledge Byoir and Associates have no contract with the German government. However, I should regard any effort on their part to distribute "informative material" on the New Germany far more laudable than Mr. Lore's attempt to disseminate misinformation. If Ivy Lee, Edward L. Bernays, and others may interpret France, Poland, and Soviet Russia, why is it a crime for other public-relations counselors to render a similar service for Germany? . . .

I was a friend of imperial Germany. I was a friend of the German republic. I am a friend of Hitler's New Germany. I have never befouled my father's nest. But I always preserve my intellectual integrity. The objectivity with which I discussed (in the *Saturday Evening Post*) French, German, British, and American propaganda induced Colonel House to write a preface for my articles when "Spreading Germs of Hate" was published in book form. . . .

If I write about the New Germany, I shall do so sympathetically. But I shall retain a sense of detachment. Even Mr. Lore admits this when he refers to the articles he expects from me as "absolutely unbiased and objective interpretations." Thanks for the compliment, however grudgingly paid.

Unfortunately some of my colleagues in Germany perversely close their eyes to the miracle of Germany's reintegration under Chancellor Hitler. They exaggerate minor disturbances and difficulties as if they were police-court reporters, and ignore Hitler's stupendous achievement in fashioning a new economic and social world out of the wreck of the old.

*New York, November 24* GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

# Mr. Lore Answers Mr. Viereck

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Knowing George Sylvester Viereck's favorable opinion of "Hitler's New Germany," I, too, found it difficult to believe at first that Propaganda Minister Goebbels should have to go out of his way to persuade the well-known German-American writer to new expressions of enthusiasm for "Hitler's stupendous achievement." Yet in spite of Mr. Viereck's denial, I know on unimpeachable authority that it is true: Carl Byoir and Associates have contracted with the Reich government to send Mr. Viereck to Germany to study German conditions with the understanding that he will on his return present "sympathetically" to a skeptical American public the "miracle of Germany's reintegration." This is no secret. The *Neue Weltbühne* of November 9, 1933, which I just have received, contained an article by Hellmuth von Gerlach in which I find the following statement: "Last summer and fall he [Mr. Viereck] was in Europe in response to an invitation from Herr Goebbels at the expense of the Propaganda Ministry. His old love for the Hohenzollern does not rust, although he has been able to combine it profitably with his new love for Hitler. . . ."

I admire the sense of humor that prompts Mr. Viereck to pretend that I for one moment could speak other than ironically of his "absolutely unbiased and objective interpretation" of German fascism. America had ample opportunity to observe Mr. Viereck's impartiality during the years of the World War. Certainly, a writer who can refer to the suppression of Germany's labor movement, to the brutal terrorization of an entire people, to the campaign of destruction against the German Jew as "minor disturbances and difficulties," possesses the objectivity necessary for an equitable interpretation of the Hitler regime to the American people.

*New York, November 25* LUDWIG LORE

# Finance

## Regulating Wall Street

THE nightmare of federal regulation of the stock exchanges, which has disturbed Wall Street with increasing persistence during the past two years, is by all portents from Washington about to become a reality. At this forbidding prospect the gentlemen of finance are showing their feelings in ways which range from a realistic determination to vitiate the impending control by all the artful dodges in the repertory of Wall Street to anguished threats to move, bag and baggage, to Montreal.

But the wails of Wall Street cannot restore the good old days, so thoroughly discredited by Ferdinand Pecora, when devices for manipulation of prices were effectively disguised as instruments for the protection of the public. Pools, rampant speculation, bear raids, and fancy maneuvering by specialists, all were heralded as means of "making a market" for the benefit of outside security owners until a little careful investigation disclosed the wolf in the sheep's clothing. However, while Wall Street has for the time being at least lost face through the Senate's investigation of its practices, its best skill in disguising its motives before the public will be used during coming months. Its campaign will be for "self-government" as opposed to direct federal control, whether the latter take the form of a system of licensing, commission rule, or a combination of both.

It is highly improbable, however, that the Exchange will be left to its own devices. Two separate investigations of the security markets are now under way in addition to that of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. The so-called Dickinson committee and the Twentieth Century Fund are both conducting studies of alleged marketing abuses. Mr. Fletcher, chairman of the Senate committee, has publicly stated that he will support control measures in Congress, while the committee headed by John Dickinson of the Department of Commerce was organized to formulate an Administration program of stock-market legislation. These two groups will, of course, be extremely sensitive to political pressure. The Twentieth Century Fund study is free of outside compulsions, political or commercial, and is likely therefore to produce the most objective results; how far it will influence legislation, however, remains to be seen.

Foremost among the abuses under investigation is the pool, with its accompaniment of secret options and misleading propaganda for the outside public. Wall Street men, while occasionally deploring the excesses of certain manipulations, speak enthusiastically of the virtues of the "legitimate pool" in providing a ready market in otherwise inactive stocks and in raising the price of undervalued securities. But in the last analysis a "legitimate pool" is a contradiction in terms. The only reason for the existence of pools is to provide profits for the manipulators by artificially stimulating demand; when the stimulus is withdrawn, as it always is eventually, the outsiders are inevitably the sufferers. Furthermore, pools are the most important source of Wall Street's income from the stock market, not only because of the profits of the participants but also because of the commissions from the transactions connected with the pools. As a consequence, pools are the least likely of all Wall Street's malpractices to meet with effective correction from the Stock Exchange authorities, and the supervision of pools set up by the New York Stock Exchange in August is for this reason almost sure to prove inadequate whenever speculative conditions are ripe for another fling. Since the essential characteristic of a pool is secrecy, a rigid requirement for publicity on

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pool participations and options, backed by the force and penalties of the law, would probably prove the best method of placing the public on guard against the manipulators.

Next to pool operations, marginal speculation is the sorest spot in the Wall Street system. Barring a revolution in the public's attitude, nothing short of abolition of stock exchanges would be likely to stamp out stock gambling on borrowed money. But a great deal can be done to make this gambling more difficult. The New York Stock Exchange's method of restricting speculation is to establish minimum margin requirements which permit speculators to buy stocks on an equity of from 23 to 30 per cent of their own money. An honest attempt to curb gambling would go far beyond these limits and would approach as near to a complete ban on extension of credit by brokerage houses as would be possible without encouraging bootlegging of loans. Further restrictions on the power to divert bank credit into speculation also would be necessary.

There are, in addition, more technical aspects of stock trading which require regulation. Among these is the widely used stop-loss order, a purely speculative device which accentuates the fluctuations of the market to the detriment of price stability. Finally, no system of stock-market regulation would be complete which ignored the notorious and common practice of directors and officers of corporations of trading on advance inside information. Legislation cannot prevent officers and directors from enjoying inside information, but if they were required frequently to make their stock holdings public they would undoubtedly be deterred from employing their advantageous position so frequently to the detriment of their less fortunate stockholders.

The dismay with which most of Wall Street contemplates a governmental attack on these time-honored practices indicates the strength of the bourbonism which has led the Street to persevere in them in the face of ever-mounting public demands for its chastisement. Instead of paying heed to these warnings, the Street responded with a demonstration of its addiction to manipulation in the wild gambling market from April to July this year. Its only concession to the New Deal was to shout protestations of reform while its hands were caressing the pocketbooks of the speculating public. When the outcries which followed the collapse of the 1933 market in July at last convinced Wall Street that a gesture of reform was in order, the New York Stock Exchange produced its regulations. The inadequacy of these measures was clearly apparent to all practiced observers except financial editors suffering from advertising blindness.

To Wall Street the best type of regulation is no regulation at all. But if there must be regulation, Wall Street is hopeful that the important details of execution will be intrusted to the Stock Exchange itself. The innocuous reform measures of last August were intended to further such a program, and it is anticipated that the Exchange will take further steps in the same direction before Congress convenes in January. But if the attempts to divert regulation into safe hands meet defeat, the present campaign against the securities act indicates the character of the propaganda which probably will ensue. Just as the requirements for honesty in selling new securities are now being criticized as leading to suffocation of the capital market, so sound regulation of the stock exchanges would undoubtedly be followed by protests that legitimate business was being throttled, that existing investments were being frozen, and that investors were being deprived of an adequate market in which to dispose of or acquire securities. The point to remember is that, without serious retrenchment, the immense structure for stock trading maintained by Wall Street cannot be profitably supported under a system requiring an honest market for investors and a reasonable limitation of speculation.

PETER HELMOOP NOYES

## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation.*

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR., reported the previous trial of Heywood Patterson in *The Nation* last spring. Last winter he produced the play "Little Ol' Boy."

JAMES RORTY is a former advertising man and the author of a book of poems, "Children of the Sun."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD is a California newspaperwoman.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the English Department of Washington Square College, New York University.

JAMES BURNHAM, professor of philosophy at Washington Square College, New York University, is one of the editors of *Symposium* and the author of "Philosophical Analysis."

LINCOLN STEFFENS is the well-known writer and liberal. He was himself one of the earliest "muckrakers," and his autobiography was one of the outstanding books of 1931.

JAMES T. FARRELL is the author of "Young Lonigan" and "Gas House McGinty."

LEWIS S. GANNETT, who writes a daily column on books in the *Herald Tribune,* is the author of a pamphlet, "Young China."

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# Books, Films, Drama

## Somewhat More Slowly

By MARK VAN DOREN

Somewhat more slowly, lengthener of days—
O, you that pull the crusted nails of winter—
Somewhat more slowly work. Within is lying
One who would not hear too soon the splinter
Of wrapping-boards; nor see too soon your light
Enter and like a thief put out the night.

Lay down your hammer somewhere in the snow—
Deep snow, and dark—and drop your chisel after.
Sleep there upon the wind, as far away
As April, and be deaf to this my laughter—
Muffled in the linen of a box
Upon whose lid Time comes, Time comes and knocks.

But comes not yet if you lie long and dream,
And, wakened on a morning, doubt your eyes.
Look then for those you lost—Oh, you will find them,
Cold beneath the snow—and slowly rise,
And slowly make approach. I shall be rested;
Nor is death then unwillingly molested.

## But Is It Art?

LITERARY criticism has become, in recent years, a very solemn affair. T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, and others of that ilk first made it so esoteric that the mere lay reader of books fled in alarm; and then, more recently still, the sociological critics have been doing their bit toward taking the fun out of literature itself as well as out of its derivative, the books about books. Between them the two groups have very nearly shamed the mere commentator out of existence, and by pouring scorn upon everything which was not either "purely" aesthetic or resolutely Marxian they have made criticism pretty stiff going for everyone except those professional students who are willing enough that belles-lettres should become, like everything else, primarily a "problem."

Often, to be sure, these very responsible critics have made their valid points. Aesthetics, considered as a branch of philosophy and treated with metaphysical rigor, has its place. But so, too, in the broad pleasant fields of literature, has a looser, more personal, more irresponsible thing, and anyone who doubts the fact may remind himself of it by reading the series of introductions that W. Somerset Maugham has written to the various sections of his new anthology of modern works.* No one could possibly classify these seven brief essays. They are reminiscent, miscellaneous, and conversational. They tell anecdotes, express opinions, and air prejudices. They are bookish after the manner of a man who enjoys life even more than he enjoys reading; critical after the fashion of one who frankly confesses that his critical principles are merely his own tastes and interests. But how shrewd, how ingratiating, how urbane, how wholly delightful they are! And how wonderfully well they perform what is surely a legitimate function of writing about writing; how wonderfully well, that is to say, they not only stimulate the desire to read but give one the sense of an intimate companionship with another intelligent and enthusiastic reader!

Consider, for example, the brief passage in which Maugham comments on those familiar essayists who, depending on the charm of their personality, tell us "in fifteen hundred well-chosen words that the hawthorne blooms in May and that the lark carols like anything":

> A Lady of Quality once asked Jonathan Swift to write a discourse on a broomstick. I am sure that he did it very well, not because his subject was a broomstick, but because he was bitter and envious, passionate, sentimental, and broken-hearted. The essayist of this kind must wear his heart on his sleeve, but he should take care that, like Hazlitt's, it is bleeding and lacerated.

Or take, on the other hand, that longer passage in which he explains that the choice of works in his anthology is a purely personal choice:

> The ablest editor I know is accustomed to say: I am the average American and what interests me will interest my readers; the event has proved him right. Now I have most of my life been miserably conscious that I am not the average Englishman. Let no one think that I say this with self-satisfaction, for I think that there is nothing better than to be like everybody else. . . . The best writers have been ordinary men and it is because they have felt all the emotions of ordinary men (with genius to help) that they have been able to present human beings with truth and sympathy. . . . There have of course been many excellent writers who, in one way or another, were abnormal, and they have produced books which have a tang and an originality that make them sometimes more readable than the work of great writers, but I do not think they can be said ever to have reached those wonderful heights where the Olympians dwell. I find "Wuthering Heights" more interesting than "David Copperfield," but I have no doubt which is the greater novel.

Certainly passages like these have a great deal in them that is not criticism. Doubtless some purists would insist that criticism, properly so called, is almost the only thing of which there is not a trace. But who that is capable of appreciating vigorous opinions, shrewd observation, and the flavor of an individual style really cares whether it is criticism or not? It is certainly about literature and it is certainly entertaining—which is more than can be said of many examples of what is proudly offered as "pure criticism." Recently a questionnaire sent broadcast asked the recipient to indicate what "point of view" would be most likely to cause a contemporary writer to write well, and the assumption was that the right point of view was the most important thing he could have. But the question misses the point. The best thing for a writer to have, the only thing he really needs to have, whether he be intending to write about life or books, is simply talent. Mr. Maugham has it in abundance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

* "Traveler's Library." Compiled with Notes by W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

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# An American Approach

*A Philosophic Approach to Communism.* By Theodore B. Brameld. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THIS is a serious and scholarly and strange book. Any serious book on communism by an American deserves to be read. There are not many of them; and communism is, for our time, the central issue.

The structure of Mr. Brameld's book is the dialectical development, in a Hegelian manner, of the concept of "acquiescence." He begins by indicating the general nature of the concept through references to stoicism, Spinozism, and instrumentalism. He then takes up the positive side of the concept (thesis) as displayed in the works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin: an *acceptance* of a certain view of the individual—a paradoxical blend of the ruthless individual of Hobbes and the ideal "natural" man of Rousseau; an *acceptance* of the "world" and its history as disclosed by dialectical materialism; and an *acceptance* of the interrelation between individual and world. The next part of the book deals with the negative side (antithesis) of the concept of acquiescence, that is to say, with *activity*: the *criticism* of the individual by Marx, Engels, and Lenin; their *criticism* of the world and history; and their *criticism* of the interrelation between individual and world—which criticism includes the active program for revolutionary change of individual and world. The book concludes with a final discussion (synthesis) of the now fully developed concept of "acquiescence," which concept covers both the positive and negative sides, is both passive and active, absolutistic and experimental, descriptive and revolutionary.

Such a structure is barbarous from the point of view of the lay reader, unused to the complexities with which technical philosophy decorates, and so often hides, its discussions of fundamental problems. Fortunately it does not prevent Mr. Brameld from including a fair amount of material interesting to any reader, particularly in his chapters on Lenin, the most original sections of the book. Solid information is given, and the footnotes and bibliography put the reader in position to go on coherently for himself.

But there are more serious criticisms to be made than those objecting to an esoteric method. In the first place, in spite of its pretentions, Mr. Brameld's book is hardly more than a partial survey or outline of Marxism-Leninism. It meets no basic issue, grapples with no disputed problems. Whenever he finishes with one stress of interpretation, Mr. Brameld immediately follows with an opposite stress to gain dialectical balance: communism is acquiescent, yes, but it is likewise active; the labor theory of value means so and so, but also thus and thus; the individual is this, true, but he is in another sense that; this follower of Marx is wrong in his interpretation, but in a way he is right, too. Nowhere, even, does Mr. Brameld declare himself a Communist or not a Communist. Such a tolerant, liberal, critical attitude might seem to be the best and fairest for seeing "all sides of the question" and arriving at the "truth." But not so for communism. Communism is a doctrine toward which we must take sides: to understand it critically, if I may use a paradox of my own, one must be partisan. This, however, is a paradox easy for a Communist to resolve. Objectively, society is divided into classes; there is thus no objective social basis for a point of view removed from a class alignment. Communism itself views the individual, the world, and history from the point of view of the working class. It can be understood only from such a point of view. This holds for the issues within communism, the issues dividing Communists, as well as for the general issues between Communists and anti-Communists. Mr. Brameld refuses in his book to "take sides," and as a consequence prevents himself in the end from understanding. To complete the paradox: liberalism and the critical point of view will have a real objective basis only after the success of communism and the establishment of a classless society. There is a certain historical irony in the reflection that communism, which seems to liberals so violently warped, dogmatic, and partisan, is nevertheless the only road to a genuine liberalism.

There is another major difficulty. This book seems far removed in kind from the books of the great Communists themselves, with which it deals. Mr. Brameld tries to systematize the metaphysical position of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, to present an abstract philosophic doctrine as 'communism." Yet is it not worth noting, is it not even essential to an understanding of what Marxism is, to remember that Marx himself wrote no major book on "philosophy"? Even the theory of history, generally considered Marx's most important philosophic achievement, is nowhere treated at length by Marx himself *as a theory*. The great texts of the theory of history are "The 18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon" and "The Civil War in France": the theory emerges through the concrete analysis of specific historical events.

This is too often forgotten by Marxists. The primary task for American Marxists is not to match texts from Marx, Engels, and Lenin, not to erect abstract systems and philosophies, dispute over interpretations, juggle authorities. Such a procedure is false to Marxism. It is the business of American Marxists, rather, in the light of the method and principles of Marxism, to analyze the concrete world we live in, the Roosevelt policies, the Negro question, the plans of Japan, the strikes at the mines, the revolts in Cuba, the farmers' insurrections; and to organize and act to change this world. But does not this beg the question? For how can we analyze in the light of Marx's methods and principles if we cannot first agree about what those methods and principles are? This is only a superficial difficulty, to which Marx himself provides the answer. Our truth to Marx, our correctness of interpretation, will be shown not by exhaustiveness of scholarship, not by skill in quoting and counter-quoting or by abstract "logical" consistency, but by the cogency of concrete analyses, the accuracy of specific predictions, and finally by the practical success of strategy and action.

JAMES BURNHAM

# Robinson Jeffers

*Give Your Heart to the Hawks and Other Poems.* By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

*An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers.* By Lawrence Clark Powell. Dijon: Imprimerie Bernigaud and Privat.

BECAUSE Robinson Jeffers has struggled so determinedly to organize and use what would appear to be the greatest natural and acquired equipment of any contemporary poet, each new book of his becomes for the reader—he now has a world audience—an obligation to participate in that struggle. We need great poetry very much, and there has seemed to be a better chance of getting it from Jeffers than from anybody else.

One brings to that renewed struggle needs, demands, and hopes bred out of the bewilderment, suffering, and struggle of the contemporary world, and one finds—what? That still, in some curious way, this struggle is irrelevant to the poet's own needs and purposes; that the world struggle is not a part of him nor he of it; that the drive of his art is becoming, if anything, increasingly tangential to the need of a world which has seized upon and is using for what it is worth almost every considerable poetic talent of his generation. Not that Jeffers is unaware of

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this need. He is profoundly, almost pathologically sensitive. But this sensitiveness is checked and distorted by an almost pathologically powerful will. Not the will of life, but the will of the poet, be done. Because he is a great and utterly serious artist, we feel that his struggle is ours. But unless our struggle becomes also his, we cannot always go on feeling this. In the end, Jeffers's attempt to break through, or rather to secede from, the human status must bring its penalties, not merely in the alienation of his audience but in the loss of power, for the power is not really in the artist but in the life struggle which he expresses.

As craftsmanship, "Give Your Heart to the Hawks" is in many respects one of Jeffers's ablest performances. But one starts unconvinced, for the tragedy is frailly premised on drunkenness and chance, and one ends, as too often in Jeffers's terrible stories, racked but unsatisfied. The title poem is rich with profound insights and contains much beautiful writing. But Jeffers has painted the same canvas, or similar canvases, before, and the characters are much too similar to characters in earlier dramas. We are entitled to ask more than this of Jeffers. More, too, than the shallow, half-true comment he gives us in the brief poem entitled Intellectuals:

> Is it so hard for men to stand by themselves,
> They must hang on Marx or Christ, or mere Progress? . . .
>
> Yourself, if you had not encountered and loved
> Our unkindly all but inhuman God,
> Who is very beautiful and too secure to want worshipers,
> And includes indeed the sheep with the wolves,
> You too might have been looking about for a church.

It is no accident that the moment this greatly gifted artist, this finely disciplined and informed mind, attempts to breathe in and then breathe out the contemporary social air, he sounds frail and inept. The explanation, probably, lies somewhere in the life experience sketched in some detail for the first time in Dr. Powell's "An Introduction to Robinson Jeffers," which is an intelligent, workman-like study entirely worthy of reissue by an American publisher.

Jeffers is the son of a Calvinist theologian who appears to have had some private means. He read Greek fluently at five; was forced as a child to study nature, the Bible, and the classics; rebelled against his father. He spent three formative years in European boarding-schools reading Swinburne, Shelley, and Nietzsche. At fifteen he could "think," says Dr. Powell, in Italian, French, German, Latin, and Greek, as well as in English. He was mentally precocious, physically strong, and excelled in studies ranging from theology to geology. To this equipment he added a year of medical school in Los Angeles, followed by zoology, silviculture, and law at the University of Washington in 1913. That year he married, went to Carmel, and except for two brief and comparatively recent trips to Ireland and to New Mexico has stayed there ever since, writing poetry.

The points to note in this summary are the precocity, the Calvinistic inheritance, the extraordinary range of reading and study, and the exemption from the economic struggle made possible by a small income. Doubtless, as a tremendously superior and very sensitive youth, the life he encountered laid an early emotional basis, which his erudition could amply confirm, for his later misanthropy. He did not "break out of" the human status. He never fully entered into it. His life quite evidently has been wholly that of the student and scholar.

The product of that extraordinarily isolated life, organized and disciplined by a powerful mind and will, has been a rich yield of poetic literature, nothing less and nothing more. What is missing is life. D. H. Lawrence hated people too, with a somewhat similar kind of inverted Messianic love. But Lawrence experienced the economic struggle—life as well as literature—and he gave us more, I think, than Jeffers has yet given us.

Jeffers has been called bitter, harsh, inhuman. It would be more just to say that he is all too human; that his alternations of sadism and masochism are the evidence of a still untempered softness. Otherwise, why this running off into partial and arbitrary fables? That way gives us literature, magnificent part-saying, to use Whitman's phrase, but not quite the ultimately erect and liberating gesture of human tragedy; not new life, not the renewing synthesis for which the fevered and disintegrating body of the age is crying.

JAMES RORTY

# A Muckraker's Memoirs

*Bare Hands and Stone Walls.* By Charles Edward Russell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

MUCKRAKING hurt the muckrakers. One way or another they all were wounded by the work they did; by the sights they saw, by the fights they fought, by the defeats they suffered. Some became cynics, some "tired liberals," some dubious radicals, some unhappy fiction writers. Thus they saved their funny faces. Not Russell. One of the first of us, now one of the last of us, Charles Edward Russell was the most sensitive, sincere, imaginative of the whole tribe, and the most wounded, too. He could not stand it, he said; but he did. In his book of recollections, "Bare Hands and Stone Walls," he shows his wounds; he never tries to save his face. In his very title he describes the utter failure of his bare hands to beat down those stone walls. But the book itself shows, however unwittingly, that Charles Russell survived. The man we all knew, and laughed at, and loved is still all there, riper, richer, but intact.

He set out upon life as a generous man of hopeful, democratic instincts and principles, and thus he is today, a fine man of hopeful, democratic principles—the same principles, the same feelings, licked, sore, but hopeful. And he tells, no, he shows how he did it.

Russell began with a solution and he proceeds from solution to solution. Not from problem to problem, you understand; he was no modern scientific researcher; he did not pass from question to question but from answer to answer. He had—he had to have—always a cause to fight for. He had to know, so he always knew "what to do about it." That was one way he saved himself and his mind. And the other, the most persistent mental trick he had, most methodically, most humorously exposed in this tragic book, is his wilful determination to see that he, I, we, the world, always won—something. He thinks, for instance, that city governments are better than when we began to show them up. I think he thinks so on the same evidence that makes me think we only improved the graft system.

His first solution was free trade; he survived that with the Grange, the Farmers' Alliance, following Townley into the Nonpartisan League; the Socialist Party. After each chapter in his book, after each major experience in his life, he holds what he calls an "autopsy," a paragraph in which he sums up and saves what he can for his constitutional optimism. There is always something good to hold on to. But he gave me on the street one day years ago a more lovable explanation of his faith or faiths. He had joined the Socialist Party. He had to, he said. He could not stand the constant revision of one's philosophy to meet and fit the constant inflow of new facts he got as a reporter. And that is hard. But what he said was, in effect, that he had become a Socialist because he had to believe something. A high dignitary of the church put the same psychology well when he exclaimed defensively: "There has to be a place for people to go to who cannot think." Anyway, from that time on Russell had the peace of mind that comes of

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a settled belief and a cause to work and fight and suffer for.

His professional business took him all around the world to New Zealand, Australia, India, Ireland, to the war, of course, and he saw what they saw, saw and felt and thought about it. He wrote some great reports, of which this book gives a beautiful, high-sky view. Young men and young women all should read it. (No use bothering old folk with it; they've got it all settled, wrong but comfortably, in their fixed minds.) But youth should read of the researches and the blunderings of our generation, and Charles Edward Russell is a fine dramatic witness.

He was put to the test finally—to the acid test of revolutionary Russia, and it burned him, as it did President Wilson himself and almost all liberals, Socialists, Americans. Russell did not like the Russian Revolution; he did not like Lenin. He liked Tseretelli, Kerensky, Tereshchenko—a liberal preferring liberals. But he liked even Trotzky better than he liked Lenin, and yet Lenin was the most liberal of all the Bolsheviks, a super-Socialist among all those Socialists. A very typical preference, that, and it would be worth while to see the why of it. Well, Russell, the swell reporter, offers a key to it. He was seeing, and reporting, Lenin in action, at the Assembly of the Council of Soldiers', Peasants', and Workers' Delegates in Petrograd in the summer of 1917 just before the October revolution. The deed had not yet been done, right. Russia was at the critical point where other revolutions had all failed, stopped, compromised, and turned back. For Russell it was at the top when much had been done, enough for one of his autopsies. For Lenin it was at the historical depth where it must not stop and turn, but go ahead and, for once, finish—at any cost, at *any* cost. Lenin was at the moment (when Russell had the luck to see him) no liberal at all, no compromiser; he was frowning at the compromisers all around him; he was for jamming the thing through to the bitter end. Now read page 351:

> He [Lenin] seemed an obstinate fanatic bent upon making trouble and without clear notions as to what he wanted, beyond the promptings of a lust for power and the fact that he did not like what was going on about him. Of this he plainly disapproved at every step, observing the proceedings with a sinister frown.

The man that saw and described that is a believing Socialist, remember, and he was looking at a Socialist, the supreme Socialist, who believed socialism was not merely a belief but a program of action, a way to get some things done that Russell, and everybody else, says he wants done. The difference between them, I think, the difference that other liberals and intellectuals have to grasp with their minds and sink deep down into their nervous systems, can be stated like this: There is a time for thinking and planning; there comes a time to close our open minds, shut up our talking, and go to it. Lest Hitler do his things his way. That time is when we don't need good fellows and liberal compromisers who want to get together. The goal is in sight and we must be Bolsheviks and—do it.

There is a book by Alexander Kaun on Gorki that might be read with Russell's valuable chapter on Russia. It tells how Lenin, the liberal, philosophic Socialist, fussed along gently, tolerantly, with the poet and his broad-minded humanism for years. Lenin really made a pet of Gorki. But when the crisis approached, he cut him dead, threw out his compromising, gentle disposition, and forgot him. Gorki was no man for action. When the revolution was done and the Soviet Socialist Republic established, then Lenin, a liberal again, brought Gorki back, let him save his friends, helped him commit his acts of mercy, and made him the Bolshevik poet. That, I think, is the way all of us muckrakers and liberals will have to be treated, and all, all believers. While we are in the believing, thinking stage of civilization, we may go on with our minds and our mouths wide open; when we come to the barricades we will be shoved back into some safe place to look on and judge and deplore; and then, when once more there is time to think and talk and write, then we shall come back with all the other pets. (And the writers, artists, and musicians are pets, privileged and indulged and accepted, in Russia now, after the revolution.) But now, here, before the revolution, we Gorkis, we Russells, have to prepare to decide whether to be nice Socialists or—Socialists.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

# A Working-Class Novel

*The Disinherited.* By Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede. $2.

JACK CONROY'S novel, which describes the education of an American worker in the class struggle, purports to compress and present some of the most common experiences of American labor since the war. The protagonist, Larry Donovan, is a miner's son whose childhood was spent amid the poverty, insecurity, and strikes of a mining community. His father and two older brothers were killed in mine accidents. He became a roving worker, successively employed in railroad yards, rubber plants, steel mills, machine shops, on roads, and as a casual laborer. He dreamed of rising above his class, and took correspondence courses in order to realize that dream. When depression comes, and he is forced into bread lines, flop-houses, and Hoovervilles, while his family, relatives, and friends are driven into utter destitution, he realizes that he can rise only with his class. After taking part in a rising of workers and farmers at the auction of a farm, he goes forth to assist in organizing the disinherited for that great day when they will seize power.

This novel suggests certain general critical remarks which are applicable not only to Jack Conroy, but also to most of the younger American writers. A theme, local color, the presentation of a relatively little-known background—these are not substitutes for careful writing, precise conception of character, and a thorough assimilation of one's material. For instance, poverty is a very old literary theme. Russians like Dostoevski and Gorki utilized this theme without gloss or compromise. But their characters were human beings who experienced every human emotion, who had, if an antiquated word be permissible, "souls." The younger American writers, whose work has been characterized as being revolutionary in varying degrees, can learn a lesson here. They seem to feel, with one or two notable exceptions, that unquestioned sincerity of purpose, or a theme, or novelty of situation, idiom, or locale, is sufficient for the purposes of a novel. But it is not enough to live in proximity to the characters or the environment one chooses to depict, and then present recognizable contours. Such work is valuable only as a transitory report or chronicle. Literature demands re-creation, which is an arduous process; it demands characters that are human beings and not mere fictions. When the younger group of American novelists learn this simple lesson, they may be on the way to producing something worth while.

Mr. Conroy is extremely careless, if not slapdash, in his method and in his characterizations. He persists in dragging minor characters back into the narrative without motivation. His story is weakened by unconvincing coincidences. A number of his characters are aimless drifters; but while their buffetings under the capitalist system may support a theory, their misery is not communicated to the reader. Mr. Conroy's feminine characters are stereotypes, and some of his scenes border on burlesque. One example of his carelessness: the protagonist's father is described as an unfrocked priest. When his dying friend, a devout Catholic, is brought out of the mines and calls for a priest, Larry's father bends down to administer to him. Instead of administering the Sacrament of Penance and absolving the man's sins, he mumbles a Latin prayer which happens to be the Confiteor. The

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writing, considered notable by some reviewers for its brutal realism and simplicity, is merely commonplace and undistinguished except for an occasional moving flash, such as the description of Larry's mother bending over a wash tub.

Mr. Conroy has acquired many facts, and his American idiom is authentic. He has chosen a field of American life that is rich in literary possibilities. As reporting, his work is satisfactory. As a novel, it is superficial. He has described a number of things. He has re-created almost nothing.

JAMES T. FARRELL

# The "Truth" About China

*Ways That Are Dark: The Truth About China.* By Ralph Townsend. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

*Dangerous Thoughts About the Orient.* By F. R. Eldridge. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

WHEN catastrophe is born, the foreign correspondents are honest about it. When catastrophe becomes at home in the land, the first brave correspondents emigrate, and more "adaptable" men report less irritating aspects of truth. So it was in Italy; so it will be in Germany, where thus far the record of the American correspondents is heroic; and so it is becoming in Manchuria. Japanese imperialists plotted the absorption of Manchuria, lied about their plot, then carried it out. The correspondents on the spot were horrified at the cynical Nipponese deceit; but the Japanese have established themselves in power, and now come the apologists.

Ralph Townsend is a brash young coxcomb who spent a year and a half in the United States consular service in Shanghai and Foochow, China, in 1931-33. His apology for Japan is an ignorant, bombastic denunciation of the Chinese and of all those who have hitherto written about them. Three classes of men, he says, know about China: the missionaries, who lie in order to get funds from home; business men, who lie in order to coax the Chinese into trading with them; and consular officials, who are not permitted to talk for publication. So Mr. Townsend tells his "truth," gathering in one net most of the heart-rending atrocity tales which have caused tears to be shed at the Shanghai Club bar (longest in the world) for the past twenty years.

"A Chinese not dealing with his own family or with a close ally," ex-Consul Townsend says, "is a thoroughgoing fiend unhampered by scruples of any sort." The Chinese, he believes, are all alike, all generically different from Japanese and Westerners, and their character has not changed in the least since the days of the Han Emperors. It is surprising that he found a publisher for his ignorant twaddle.

Mr. Eldridge knows Japan. Student interpreter, deputy consul, business man in Japan 1909-14, he returned in 1924 and 1927, and speaks and reads Japanese. He has important things to say:

> When impassioned American orators now speak of appealing to the "liberals" in Japan, it is simply laughable. There are no real liberals in Japan because there are no real individuals. . . . There has not been a single instance of sabotage, not a single soldier has mutinied, not a single attempt has been made to disturb any of the plants manufacturing war munitions. . . . Japan's action in Manchuria was the deliberate act of a responsible governing power which has received the almost universal support of the Japanese people.

He makes a comparison. If Americans were barred from emigrating to the rest of the world, and the United States were the size of the three Pacific Coast States; if our foreign trade were twice as important as it is, and a quarter of it were with Mexico; if we had borrowed a billion dollars abroad and used it to develop Mexico; if the Mexican government were in the hands of bandits robbing the farmers, debasing the currency, and using our money to build railway lines intended to rob our own lines of business—then, asks Mr. Eldridge, "would our interest in the Kellogg Pact outweigh our interest in maintaining our hold upon Mexico?" And he answers, "I doubt it."

Nations, throughout history, Mr. Eldridge points out, have grown and must be permitted to grow. The theory behind the Versailles and the Kellogg pacts is that present-day political boundaries should remain fixed forever. It can't be done, warns Mr. Eldridge; until pacifists and internationalists devise machinery for rectifying anachronistic frontiers, "pacts" and "covenants" will continue to prove illusions. There is a challenge to thought here, but not a justification for Japan's course. At each stage of her expansion she has announced that she was content and would proceed no further; she is still expanding into Inner Mongolia. Mr. Eldridge expresses Japan better in this book than the professional Japanese apologists have done; but he might well, as an American, have added a few words to set the historical record straight. (And one must add that, well as he knows Japan, he betrays ignorant prejudice every time he mentions Russia.)

"Dangerous thoughts" are banned by law in Japan. The "dangerous thoughts" which give Mr. Eldridge his title are those of "missionary-minded Americans" who, indignant at Japan's perfidy, are ready to apply "sanctions" against her, willing to risk war in the cause of peace. Particularly since our recognition of Russia the warning is pertinent.

Still, there is a middle course. It is possible to understand Japan, to have little immediate hope of Chinese order, to be unwilling to accept any political commitments in the East, and still to recognize that what Japan has done in Manchuria is of the nature of an international lynching bee.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

# Shorter Notices

*After Such Pleasures.* By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. $2.25.

By this time it is well known that Mrs. Parker writes about love. But it is love after the ecstasy has departed, love in its whining or sniveling or boring or bitter stage that engages her. It is her lament that the human race cannot "jocund be—after such pleasures." Mrs. Parker is, of course, not the first to remark this unfortunate fact. But she is certainly among the most sharp and convincing of those who have remarked it by way of literature. She is the disillusioned romantic who can turn her disillusionment into biting understatement, into a damning likeness of what is boring and trivial. It is too bad that her critics have been so sweeping in their praises. She is not as good as Ring Lardner and she would probably be the first to admit it. She is not the greatest wit or satirist of her time. But she is an authentic wit and an excellent satirist and she is just enough surprised to find that love descends to boredom to make her description of it passionate as well as pointed. So far she has confined herself to vignettes. If she could discipline herself to write a full-length novel, putting in the pleasures as well as their aftermath, there is reason to believe that such a novel would rank among the more considerable of her time.

*The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer.* Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Robert Hillyer's collected verse appears when the poet is only thirty-eight. Has he thus committed himself to the statement that one phase of his poetic writing is completed? The

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## JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. Tender and humorous story of a young boy trying to grow up. Highly entertaining but not one of O'Neill's major works.

HER MASTER'S VOICE. Plymouth Theater. Clare Kummer at the top of her form provides a full evening of her original and slightly delirious kind of wit. With Roland Young and Laura Hope Crews.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Superb performances by Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale in a play by Maxwell Anderson. A great success though I found myself less moved than I should have been.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. The problems of a young doctor made into a surprisingly moving and absorbing play. Thanks to a superb production by the Group Theater it becomes one of the two current offerings which no one can afford to miss.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Fast and furious farce about a Princeton Galahad who rescues the wrong girl with unexpected results. Very fast and very funny.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Powerful and absorbing psychological portrait of a cultivated and somewhat effeminate egotist. Probably the most original play of the year, and like "Men in White" not to be missed by anyone interested in the theater.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Historical farce-comedy centering about the pleasant old New England custom of bundling. Spicy, impudent, and genuinely amusing.

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS. Empire Theater. Arthur Guiterman and Lawrence Langner make a picturesque and flippant adaptation of Molière's "The School for Husbands." There is much difference of opinion concerning its merits as entertainment but I found it charming and funny, as well as not too far from the spirit of the original author. With June Walker and Osgood Perkins.

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book contains the best of his lyrics, his sonnets, his longer philosophical choruses. And the poems, all of them, are very much of one tone. Romantically reflective, they indicate a scholar's mind and a delicate poetic sensibility. In form they are carefully perfect; in mood, gentle and pleasant. Here is no passion, but a quietly analyzed and conventionally presented pictorial beauty. The poet is completely remote from any present-day thought. This would not matter had he more individuality of feeling. But his feeling, and consequently his language, is, save for an excellent taste in selection, quite usual. Mr. Hillyer is therefore a pleasing but a rather academic poet. The better poems in the book come last. In the long poems, Memory, Death, Ecstasy, and Love, the poet speaks his wisdom concerning life more in his own person and with deeper feeling. There are some fine lines in these verses. The poem Death is a kind of modern Il Penseroso; Ecstasy, a modern L'Allegro. Perhaps after these summaries of mood Mr. Hillyer will come out from his somehow cloistered poetic existence. The "Collected Poems" indicate Robert Hillyer's one distinction. He is an excellent technician. He never blurs a form or overemphasizes an image. But he has had, so far, rather little to say.

*Fresco Painting.* By Gardner Hale. With a Preface by José Clemente Orozco. William Edwin Rudge. $2.

Here is an excellent little book mainly on the technical side of fresco painting by a painter who pursued the craft for sixteen years in this country and abroad. The first ten chapters, written by Mr. Hale before his death, provide an adequate discussion indispensable for the painter who wishes to know how to go about the job of working in what is acknowledged to be the most difficult of all visual media, fresco—the only one, to quote Michelangelo, fit for a man. The two concluding chapters, Fresco in the History of Painting and The Future of Fresco, were prepared by Shaemas O'Sheel from Mr. Hale's notes. Orozco contributes a meaty preface and Frank Lloyd Wright comments relevantly on the relation of the fresco mural to architecture. Eleven admirably selected illustrations enrich the text.

*On the Side of Mercy.* By Alice Davis Menken. With an Introduction by the Governor of New York. Covici-Friede. $2.

Mrs. Menken is a social worker of thirty years' experience who has had the satisfaction of seeing many of the goals for which only a few leaders like herself worked in her earlier years become, in her later life, the established ideals of all thoughtful citizens. She views this development of a social point of view with a good deal of justified satisfaction in 196 pages of text, with 28 pages appended relating to New York's delinquent girls and women. Cheap movies, immigration, mental defects, night courts, illegitimacy, parole systems, and volunteer service are all discussed with greater or less detail; the usual case studies of the under-privileged Sadies, Flossies, and Lulus are presented, with the usual grateful letters which they send when they have profited by good advice. Every social worker's pigeonholes and every court's files are full of such data. But it is none the less true that the very commonplaceness of this material today is due to the pioneer work of such enthusiasts as Mrs. Menken. Naturally it is impossible to give a very profound treatment of all our social ills in so short a space, and by such a discursive method. No doubt Mrs. Menken would be the first to disclaim such an attempt. "On the Side of Mercy" should be especially appreciated by those who worked side by side with her in the State of New York, whose memories of battles fought and won are the same as hers, and who will therefore find her record of the satisfactory handling of situations and cases a pleasure to recall and a stimulus to further effort.



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# Films

## Head-Hunters

AN interesting example of the wholly accidental manner in which "contrast-montage" is sometimes achieved on the screen is to be discovered in this week's program at the Cameo. "Gow," which is the main feature, is the picture that Captain Edward A. Salisbury made during a long voyage of exploration in the South Seas. Most of the material that it presents is already familiar to us from better-documented and more carefully photographed films of the same kind that have appeared in recent years. The scenes taken in the Marquesan and Samoan islands, for example, are hardly to be compared with those assembled by Murnau and Flaherty for "Tabu." Yet it must be admitted that when Captain Salisbury takes us on to the remoter and more savage islands of the region his picture includes many passages of real interest. It also becomes evident that it has been following a certain form, tracing out the *progressive* savagery of the island races as one voyages onward toward the New Hebrides and New Guinea. I do not remember ever having seen in a film of this sort a more sinister and bloodthirsty collection of savage types. The spoken commentary that accompanies the action is hardly necessary; the most literal use of the camera is sufficient. The much-advertised actual photographing of a cannibal feast is not as disappointing as one might think on being told that the camera is kept at least a hundred yards away from the center of activity. Distance, helpful, as always, to the imagination, adds to the horror of the naked figures dancing in a circle around the fire. The real climax, however, is the rehearsal of a head-hunting raid—the ritualistic dances by which the tribe gets itself in a proper state of frenzy, the brutal hand-to-hand attack on the neighboring island, and afterwards the triumphal dance around the white heap of enemy heads. The whole thing moves along with the accelerated tempo of a bad dream. We find it hard to believe in this systematized routine of violence and frenzy. These wild shapes, moving as under the spell of some hideous enchantment, are no more real than the hallucinations of intoxication or sleep. We are glad to turn our attention to the "short" that follows—a third-rate vaudeville number in which some unattractive little girls are made to sing torch-songs like their elders. Then, very curiously, we find ourselves thrust back again into that world which we have just dismissed as being too unlike our own to seem quite real. The newsreel has flashed on and almost the first thing we are aware of is the same impression of violence organized into ritual, of human masses moving with the mechanical regularity of a dream. The scenes of the San José lynching in the newsreel are not as complete as those of the head-hunting raid in Captain Salisbury's picture. But the effect is the same.

"L'Opéra de Quat' Sous" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse) is a French re-take of Pabst's celebrated "Dreigroschenoper," which was, it will be remembered, dimly suggested by Gay's "The Beggar's Opera." If this does not give a sufficient idea of the confusion that surrounds the production, one may add that the print has been so badly cut for one reason or another that it is almost impossible to follow the story. Why an English background of the eighties was substituted for the eighteenth century of Gay's original opera remains something of a mystery. Much of the photography and such of the music as survives the bad recording are excellent; but the picture as a whole creates a response that can only be defined as abject confusion.

WILLIAM TROY

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# Drama

## Poor White

"TOBACCO ROAD" (Masque Theater) is based on a novel by Erskine Caldwell. Most of the critics of the daily press found reasons to justify their disapproval, and it may be safely predicted that the reaction of most visitors will be violent enough. But whatever the propriety or the point of presenting so complexly shocking a spectacle may or may not be, two things can hardly be denied: Mr. Caldwell's writings have a certain rank flavor all their own; and that flavor is preserved in the dramatic version.

One may, to be sure, assign him his special place in a rather vague tradition. He is, let us say, as hard-boiled as Hemingway and as brutal as Faulkner. Like the latter he loves to contemplate the crimes and perversions of degenerate rustics; like both, his peculiar effects are made possible only by the assumption of an exaggerated detachment from all the ordinary prejudices of either morality or taste and a consequent tendency to present the most violent and repulsive scenes with the elaborate casualness of a careful pseudo-naivete. Yet Mr. Caldwell is not, for all that, really like either Hemingway or Faulkner. The first has something of the dogged, repetitious gravity of one of his own drunks; the second sometimes suggests the imbecile earnestness of his favorite half-wits; but when Caldwell is being most characteristicaliy himself the mood which dominates his writing is the mood of a grotesque and horrible humor. The element of which he is most aware and that which he seems most determined to make us perceive is the element of an almost pure macabre. This starveling remnant of the Georgia poor-white trash is not only beyond all morality and all sense of dignity or shame, it is almost beyond all hope and fear as well. As ramshackle and as decayed as the moldy cabin in which it lives, it is scarcely more than a parody on humanity, and when some hidden spark of anger flashes briefly forth, or when lust—the most nearly inextinguishable of human impulses—motivates a casual and public seduction or rape, one is bound to regard these crimes almost as one regards the deeds of that traditional embodiment of moral imbecility, Mr. Punch. Perhaps it is difficult to believe that a play which centers about the determination of an old man to return a twelve-year-old child to her husband, which involves the almost continuous presence of a rutting female monstrosity with a harelip, and which ends with the death of an old woman beneath the wheels of an automobile, can be funny. Yet funny it was, to me at least, and funny—though perhaps ambiguously so—it was also, I believe, intended to be.

All comedy of whatever sort has as a necessary condition the fact that the spectator maintains his sense of separateness from the personages involved, that he is not inside and feeling with them but outside and judging by standards different from theirs. Once we participate in the life of any character, he immediately becomes heroic or tragic, pathetic or romantic or sentimental. Once we succeed in detaching ourselves from him, he must remain in some sense comic if he continues to be anything at all, and Mr. Caldwell puts this law to its severest test by endeavoring to maintain a comic detachment in the face of characters so depraved that mere revulsion, if nothing else, would seem to make detachment impossible. It would be interesting to inquire how one may account for the fact that this detachment is, to a considerable extent, maintained, and one obvious answer would be that the characters themselves are represented as creatures so nearly subhuman that their actions are almost without human meaning and that one does not feel with them because they obviously feel so little themselves. Perhaps, however, it is more important to ask just how completely successful Mr. Caldwell here is, and having granted that "Tobacco Road" is a comedy if it is anything at all, to inquire if it is really a good one.

I have already said that, to me, the play was genuinely if rather horribly funny, but I realize that many people will not find it so, and I hold that no work of art which is capable of seeming not merely good or bad but wholly different in meaning and intention to two different spectators of equal cultivation and sensibility can possibly be a thoroughly successful one. Many classes of events are in life quite ambiguous; they may, that is to say, be quite successfully used as the basis for either a comedy or a tragedy. But one of the essential differences between a happening and a work of art is due just to the fact that the emotional meaning of the work of art, or at least the artist's intention in this respect, is completely unambiguous. Mr. Caldwell, therefore, has not actually achieved with complete success the comedy which, so I believe, was not fully formed in his mind. His recent novel, "God's Little Acre," was characterized by a somewhat similar ambiguity, and it still remains for him to clarify more completely for others—and probably for himself also—the style toward which he seems to be working. But it is no less true that he suggests quite clearly something which is fully realized only in moments, and true also that that something is highly original. I shall leave to others the question whether or not a comedy of the sort which this play adumbrates would be morally elevating or in any way useful to society. But as one who is compelled by his profession to give serious consideration to plays and novels which have, for the most part, few traces of originality of any sort, I may be permitted, I hope, a keen professional interest in Mr. Caldwell's talent. "Tobacco Road," it is hardly necessary to add, will probably be caviar—if not something worse—to the general, but even the general, I think, will recognize the superbly salty and complete impersonation of Henry Hull and the successful grotesquerie of Ruth Hunter as the girl with the harelip.

"Peace on Earth" (Fourteenth Street Theater) is the first offering of a new group organized for the production of plays with a social purpose. Leading radicals have given it high praise and the last "expressionistic" act has a certain hysterical force, but the rest impressed me as much the same elementary, wooden, and plodding exposition of the commonplaces about war and its causes to which we have been treated many times before.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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